National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, EDITOR. WITHOUT CONCEALMENT...WITHOUT COMPROMISE. EDMUND QUINCY, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

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Selections.

THE PHILADELPHIA FREE PRODUCE ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

AT the meeting of this Association [which we copy from the *Friends' Review*], held the 20th ult., the following report from the Board of Managers was read and approved.

The Board of Managers of the Philadelphia Free Produce Association of Friends, report:

That, during the past year, the members of the Board have frequently met and given their attention to the subjects connected with the design of their Association; but, in consequence of the arrangement with our friend George W. Taylor, which has existed for two or three years past, the principal labour, both in relation to the manufacture of cotton goods, and a supply of groceries, has devolved upon him. His report, herewith submitted, will furnish a view of the state of the concern in regard to supply and demand.

And here we may remark, without any disposition to cast unkind reflections upon others who do not take the same view upon this subject, which we have been induced to embrace, that we cannot do otherwise than regret the want of an active and cordial support, on the part of many members of our Society, of the effort thus made to supply consumers with the products of tropical climates, unstained by oppression and cruelty. While Friends, wherever located, and however circumstanced, without exception profess, and no doubt profess with sincerity, an unwavering conviction of the injustice and iniquity of the whole system of Slavery; and while none can deny that the entire burden of this fabric of violence and wrong is supported by the market for the produce of servile toil, still we do not find the active and decided preference to the productions of free labour, which the nature of the case, and the declared opinions of Friends in general, would lead us to expect. If Friends in general could be induced to supply themselves, whenever it can be done, with the products of the free labour, to the exclusion of those which are extorted from the drudgery of slaves, we can readily perceive that the increased demand thus created, would greatly facilitate the supplying of free goods, and reduce their cost to the level of those of a servile origin. With equal advantages and facilities in regard to supply and demand, free-labour can readily compete with that of Slavery. But while the mass of consumers purchase, without distinction, whatever can be found in the market, irrespective of the medium through which it is received, some enhancement of price must attend the production and transit from the producer to the consumer of those articles which are untouched by servile hands.

At the same time, we have unquestionable and sorrowful evidence that the advocates of Slavery have not, in any degree, relaxed their efforts to perpetuate, and to extend into regions hitherto free, the oppressive, impolitic, and demoralizing system of Slavery. The attempts, now making, to introduce the system into California—the recent legislation in some of the States in relation to the coloured race—the effort, during the present session of the Pennsylvania Legislature, to procure an enactment excluding them from settling in the State, calculated, as it evidently was, to facilitate the capture of real or suspected fugitives from labour—the actual repeal of one section of the law to prevent kidnapping, which was passed in 1847 with almost unprecedented unanimity—and the manner in which the support of an oppressive and disgraceful law has been interwoven into the question of the Presidential election, as well as the subserviency to a slaveholding influence which has been manifested by aspirants to political distinction, may well awaken the anxiety of those who believe that it is righteousness that exalteth a nation, and that sin is not only a disgrace, but a certain precursor of calamity to any people. These circumstances evidently call for the exertion of such influence as we possess, to stem the tide of corruption which Slavery is pouring upon us.

We have, however, the consolation to believe that the attention of many of the philanthropists of Europe has been unceasingly directed to this branch of the subject—the encouragement of free-labour—and the supply of tropical products by means not dependant upon servile toil. The new settlements on the African coast seem likely to bring various articles of tropical growth, produced entirely by the industry of free men, into successful competition with the products of American Slavery. The experiments recently made upon flax, as a substitute for cotton, furnish ground for a reasonable hope, that the time is not very remote when the products of the North may rival those of the South, in furnishing a cheap and comfortable article of domestic economy.

Although the efforts of this Association have not been productive of any very obvious results, we may take encouragement from the signs of the times, and a thorough conviction of the goodness of our cause, to entertain a humble, yet confiding, hope that they may compose one of those little rills which, widening and deepening with the progress of time, and joining with homogenial streamlets, will at length (probably after we shall all have been gathered to the house appointed for all living) compose a river which shall sweep away this mighty fabric, which now stands a frowning monument of the barbarism of ages that are past, and of the blindness and cupidity of the period in which we live.

On behalf of the Managers,

SAMUEL RHOADS,
Secretary of the Board.

Philadelphia, Fourth month 20th, 1852.

A BISHOP'S BLOW AT CASTE.

THE Pennsylvanian Diocesan Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church was held in this city during several days of the last week. Perhaps no other Protestant denomination in this country has been so little affected by the Anti-Slavery Agitation as this, and certainly no other has treated the claims of the slave with greater indifference or more uniform contempt; and yet its stereotyped forms, its stately and unbending arrangements, and the subtlety of its aristocratic leaders have not been sufficient wholly to ward off the great question which is testing at once the Republicanism and the Christianity of the American People. Indeed it would seem to be an ordination of Providence that this question, in one form or another, should disturb the stagnant and malarious peace of every branch of our modern Zion. In the Convention above referred to it came up quite legitimately upon the presentation of a claim on the part of the *coloured* 'Church of the Crucifixion' to be represented upon its floor. The lay delegates appointed by that Church, as it happened, were *white*. Immediately after the Convention was opened, a motion was made by Mr. Ashurst to admit those delegates to seats; but the subject was temporarily postponed.

The question, it seems, had been before the Convention at its meeting last year, and a Committee had been appointed to take it under consideration and report at this session. That Committee submitted two reports; one in favour of the admission of the delegates, signed by three members, the other signed by two members, and denying, on technical grounds, the right of the coloured Church to be represented. The first was introduced by Judge Stroud, the last by Joseph R. Ingersoll.

The whole matter was now open for discussion in the Convention, and an exciting debate followed, which is very meagerly reported in the daily papers. Among those who spoke on the right side was Rev. Nathan Stem, of Norristown, once a Vice President of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society. He stated that the great objection to a union of the Churches of St. Thomas, the Crucifixion, &c., with the Convention, was, that the congregation had dark skins. Why, so had Cyprian, Tertullian, and other lights of the Church in ancient times. He contended that the eighth revised regulation was not only unconstitutional, but had acted most injuriously, in restricting the increase of the Protestant Episcopal faith among the coloured population. He deprecated the action now proposed, of dissolving the union, and asked what was to become of the congregation if turned out. He alluded to the inconsistency of sending missionaries to foreign lands, and yet treating the coloured people close at hand with negligence and contumely, by dissolving the bonds that now unite them with the Convention, hazarding, by the act, the welfare of the congregation that has been gathered together with such fond hopes of ameliorating the condition of the class composing its members.

Mr. F. J. Wharton stated that the coloured members of the Church of the Crucifixion were excluded from voting for vestrymen, because of the provision of the charter, that citizens of Pennsylvania should alone have that right. This was, however, invalid by law, so that there was actually nothing to prevent this congregation from exercising their rights.

Rev. Mr. Harris viewed the coloured members of the church as mere pupils to be transplanted for the full enjoyment of liberty in another land (!!). He would vote against the admission of the church in full union with the Convention, though he was in favour of doing all that could be done for their moral and religious benefit; they should still be fostered and kept under the wing of the Church (!!).

One of the arguments against the admission of the white delegates this year, was, that the Church might send coloured ones at some future time, which would of course put the Convention in a most uncomfortable 'fix.'

After a great deal of discussion on both sides, Bishop Potter, by common request, took the floor, and made a most eloquent appeal in behalf of the coloured race. Having incidentally learned that the Bishop had read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and avowed himself intensely interested and profoundly moved by it, we were not surprised that he made such an appeal. His speech is thus sketched by the *Ledger*:

"He would have been willing to pass at once to the decision of the subject; but, as the Bishop of the Diocese, peculiar responsibilities rested upon him, not only for the present but for the prospective effect upon the Church at large, and especially as it regards the path that now more than ever seems to open towards that afflicted race. If the admission of these delegates be refused, the church will afford them but little hope or sympathy for the future. It becomes us, before taking this step, to anticipate what may be its effect upon the preaching of the word among this down-trodden race. The measures adopted by the Diocesan Convention in 1775, were deemed proper by the good men who then participated in the councils of the Church, but the peculiar circumstances that then existed have been most wonderfully changed, both at home and abroad, and the responsibilities of the Church are also changed. In Jamaica, where fifty years since groaned the down-trodden bondman, the coloured men now occupy seats at the bar, on the bench, in the pulpit, and the black man will be met at the table of the Governor; and in all the social circles he is respected and honoured. In France, too, if admitted to a seat on the floor of the Legislature, you may perhaps be seated beside a man whose skin is not coloured like your own; and is it, he asked, in the Diocese of Pennsylvania alone, that no step has been taken except backward? Is it possible that an association of white persons for the benefit of the coloured race, shall now and forever be excluded from union with this body, not for the colour of the delegates, but because those who send them are of that afflicted race? And shall this circumstance alone throw around them a pestilential atmosphere, to exclude their representatives; and this, too, among the votaries of the Christian Church, by the disciples of Christ, who directed that His gospel should be preached to the poor?

"This downward step, he said, he was not prepared to take, if the clergy within his Diocese were. It was a step that not one of us but would wish to recall, when we came to stand in the presence of Him who sitteth upon the throne at the last great day. We shall then feel that we should have had more faith in our religion, more trust, as Americans, in our institutions, than to fear that the admission of a few poor negroes would be sufficient to shake these institutions to their very centre."

The vote was then taken upon the motion to admit the delegates from the Church of the Crucifixion. The clergy voted in the affirmative, 49 to 35; the laity in the negative, 27 to 23. The motion requiring the concurrence of both orders was therefore lost.

It is not often that the clergy in these days, and upon questions like this, get ahead of the laity, but so it was on this occasion. The probability is that the lay delegation from the Churches in this city was composed in good part of men who are largely interested in the business of saving the Union, and who, keenly as they may have felt the rebuke of Bishop Potter, were at the moment too sulkly to 'conquer their prejudices.' Some of them may perhaps think better of it another year.

The noble stand taken by Bishop Potter cannot fail to exercise a wide and healthful influence in the Episcopal Church in this and other States. He has struck a blow at Caste which few men were in a position to strike so effectually. May we not hope that his bold example will encourage other eminent men in the Church to perform the duty demanded of them by Him whom they profess to serve, and whose mission it was to preach deliverance to the captives and the opening of the prison to them that are bound?—*Pa. Freeman.*

HOW THEY LIVE IN THE SOUTH.

WE take the following graphic pictures of Southern Life from a late letter written by "Otsego" to the *Cleveland Herald*:

There is not between Wilmington and Washington a single *Depot-house* at the terminus of the railway lines, nor a single station house on the road. At Richmond you are landed in the street, drawn in omnibuses one mile and dropped in the street; and at Petersburgh the same thing; the distance between the two roads being about a mile. At Petersburgh the mails and baggage are drawn from one road to the other by contract, and the day I came along, two negroes with a "spike team" were just one hour and fifty minutes in doing the job, while the passengers were *patiently* waiting. It was a cold, rainy day, and all the passengers were *crammed* into an old dilapidated two-horse omnibus, and *hauled* along at a slow walk. This was the express mail train, and to see two niggers taking their own time to transport the mails and trunks, none of the conductors or railway employees offering to "lend a hand" or expedite the work, was a *leetle* vexatious to a man of Yankee habits and notions.

Well, we reach Weldon, near the northern line of North Carolina, and here you find two taverns and five or six huts. At the taverns you get good ham and greens, hoe-cake, shad, fat oysters, and enough that is good to eat and drink. From Weldon to Wilmington (162 miles) there is a good T railway, on which you average about twenty-five miles an hour, but the entire distance, with scarcely a solitary exception, is one entire, continuous, barren waste—yes, "pitch pine barren waste." I had heard and read of this "turpentine and tar" region, but to justly appreciate it, it must be seen. Last Wednesday, I traversed a pitch pine section, two hundred miles in extent—for the yellow pine lands commence before you reach Weldon—and along this whole distance, not a solitary water-saw or steam-saw-mill is to be seen, while the tall and straight yellow pines line each side of the road, the entire distance, as thickly as do the maples in any sugar orchard grove in the Northern States. For two hundred miles, a very few dwellings are to be seen, and these few are made of *hewn* pine logs, resting upon blocks of timber two or three feet from the ground, affording shelter for hogs, hens, and other unclean things—the chimneys are invariably made of clay and sticks—and the people that burrow in these habitations look—very unlike human beings. The land is too poor to raise "white beans or buckwheat," and I saw no attempt even at this lowest effort of the agriculturalist. The labour and enterprise of the people along this extended region of two hundred miles, are devoted to the getting of turpentine and the making of tar and rosin.

The tall straight pines, averaging about eighteen inches through, for miles and miles stand within a few feet of each other. The bark is removed from the entire body of the trees, save a narrow strip of three or four inches, and some six or eight feet from the roots—the turpentine oozes out upon this barkless surface and is scraped off, boiled and made into spirits of turpentine, rosin, &c. The "fat" pine knots are burned, yielding a rich product of tar. The pine trees, thus nearly girdled, live five or six years, yielding turpentine from the same "old sore" each year, and then are replaced by a second crop of pines, of equal size and numbers, in about ten years. This is the main business of the people of this portion of North Carolina. There are no roads, carriages, stage coaches or vehicle of any sort, save a few rickety horse carts of domestic manufacture. The few horses and cattle to be seen are very sorry looking quadrupeds, and the hogs are so thin that two would hardly make a shadow. In all my wanderings over earth's surface, I have no where seen such apparently comfortless, wretched and dirty-looking "God-forsaken" people who claim to be civilized.

Between Welden and Wilmington, the only places that indicate the presence of civilized humanity, were Halifax and Goldsboro—only one passenger was received the whole distance—no engine or station houses—no lamps at the turn-outs and water-tanks, but big niggers upholding "blazing pine knots."

Wilmington is a pretty town of some 10,000 inhabitants—there are many very elegant residences, churches, stores, steam saw-mills, turpentine and rosin manufactories, two taverns and rich rice plantations upon the Cape Fear River. It is a town of the largest business in the State. The market is a fair index of the surrounding country and the people thereof, and I would that you had been with me last Thursday morning in the market of the commercial capitol of the "old North State." Here were gaunt, raw-boned men and women who had come in from the country twenty, thirty and forty miles, with one-horse-carts, mostly *untired*, and all made with a dull axe. The horses small and too poor for turkey buzzards—the harnesses made of bits of straps and ropes, and horse collars made of two crooked sticks with moss and rags tied round with strings. These carts are covered with a sheet or blanket, contain chickens, turkeys, butter, eggs, pea-nuts, vegetables, &c., but the entire load of no one cart is worth over five dollars—the average bring about three dollars. The man and wife are generally together, bring along feed for themselves and beast, and sleep in their own cart Chickens were thirty cents a piece—eggs twenty cents a dozen—milk ten cents a quart—and yet these *shiftless* people would only have from four to six chickens, a dozen or two of eggs, two or three pounds of dirty butter and a few pea-nuts. Of course, *eating* in such a country, at a table furnished from such a market and by such a people, is a matter of necessity and not of choice.

THE FATAL SLAVE CASE IN COLUMBIA.

WE find in Saturday's Baltimore papers Ridgely's version of the fatal affair at Columbia. The *American* gives it thus:

On Wednesday last, Mr. A. G. Ridgely, of the police firm of Zell & Ridgely, left this city for the purpose of arresting two fugitive slaves, the property of Messrs. G. W. Hall and H. G. Michel, of Harford county, who were supposed to be somewhere in the vicinity of Columbia, Pennsylvania. Mr. R. went from here to Harrisburg, and there obtained warrants from the United States Commissioner of that District, Mr. R. McAlister, for the arrest of the fugitives, and also procured the service of two deputy marshals to assist him. He then proceeded to Columbia, where he had been informed one of the negroes lived, and found him at work in a lumber yard. Mr. R told him for what purpose he had come, and by what authority he acted; but as soon as he attempted the arrest, the negro, whose name was Smith, resisted furiously, and by his out-cries collected a crowd of his fellow-workmen about him, who endeavoured to prevent his capture.

Perceiving from the disposition of the crowd that reasoning would be of no avail, the officers drew their arms, and thought to intimidate the negroes by threatening to shoot them if they attempted a rescue. Mr. R. had hold of the slave Smith, and was struggling with him, in order to get him away, while at the same time he held his revolver extended towards the crowd in his right hand, to prevent their rushing upon him. The negro, by a sudden jerk, managed to get Mr. R.'s thumb in his mouth, and bit him so severely, that he was compelled to use his right hand to free himself, and, in the struggle to do so, the pistol exploded; lodging the entire contents in the negro's neck, and killing him instantly.

After this unfortunate occurrence, Mr. Ridgely offered to give himself up to the authorities, and abide a trial by the laws of that State, and for this purpose went to the hotel, where he was to await the arrival of the officers. Subsequently, however, he was advised that such a course would be imprudent, and it was suggested that he should leave privately, and endeavour to escape. This advice was acted upon, and he started forthwith for Parkton, about thirty miles distant, on foot, arrived there fortunately, in time to meet the train of cars on the Baltimore and Susquehanna road. He reached home yesterday morning, much fatigued by the hazardous expedition, but free from any injury from that infuriated mob.

Mr. R. regrets the unfortunate issue of this affair. The other officers assisting Mr. Ridgely made use of the excitement occasioned to effect their escape.

Some additional particulars, which appear in the *Clipper*, we append.

One of the deputies had but one arm. Mr. Ridgely, warned by the awful fate that had attended other messengers from Maryland on a similar errand, had gone prepared to defend himself and secure the property he was sent to recover.

That it was not designed on the part of Mr. Ridgely to commit this act must be evident to every unprejudiced mind, from the fact that he was to receive $400 for the delivery of the slave to his master in this State.

Officer Snyder, who was in company with Mr. Ridgely, took the cars for Harrisburg, where he had been temporarily arrested, but subsequently liberated without examination.

The *Sun's* account says that the pistol went off accidentally in a scuffle, and that upon the result being known, Mr. Ridgely said he would give himself up to the authorities, and was about to do so, but he met a gentleman, the proprietor of the public house there, who advised him to leave the place, on account of the great excitement which would doubtless arise.

DE BOW'S REVIEW.

THIS thick New Orleans Monthly, published and edited by the man whose name it bears, and who is announced as "Professor of Political Economy, etc. in the University of Louisana," is meant to be to "the Southern and Western States" what Hunt's Merchant's Magazine is to the country in general, and a little more, especially with reference to all sorts of cattle, including Negroes.

The number for this month contains a discursion into the regions of anthropology. But if De Bow's commercial and other "statistics" are not more reliable than the averments and speculations in that discursion, we pity the men who may risk business transactions on the basis of those statistics. The occasion of this anthropological discursion, to which we feel moved to call attention, as well because of the high Southern source whence it emanates, as because of the latest light it throws on the estimate in which Slavery is held by so many "pious" Southerners, as well as by some "devout" Northerners, is one John Campbell's atheistic book entitled "Negro Mania," and designed to prove, that the white and black races cannot have sprung from a single pair; that God, in his great goodness, made the Negroes, as he has made asses, to be worked and belaboured for the benefit of the Caucassian races. "Equality is no thought nor creation of God. Slavery under one name or another will exist as long as man exists." And "is the negro made for Slavery? * * The very virtues of the negro fit him for Slavery, and his vices cry aloud for the checks of bondage." And "wo! wo! a wo of darkness and of death to those who, better knowing," teach otherwise. "This is indeed the sin not to be forgiven; the sin against the Holy Ghost and against the spirit of God." "Why an ass is not a man, or a man an ass, will probably forever remain a mystery to our limited intellects." And "we would beg" the "whining, Wilberforcian, Clarksonized" "fanatics," to "instruct us upon what principle of justice this unfortunate brother ass—this hirsute relative—should be so be-devilled and trampled upon." "Alas, 'my poor black brother!' thou, like the hirsute, must do thy braying in vain. Where God has placed thee, there must thou stay." "'Have the woolly-headed races of men ever produced one, even only one man, famous either as law-giver, statesman, poet, priest, painter, historian, orator, architect, musician, soldier, sailor, engineer, navigator, astronomer, linguist, mathematician, anatomist, chemist, physician, naturalist, or philosopher?'" Bah! And

"*I* to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains,
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains!
Mated with a squalid savage—what to me were sun or clime?
I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time."

—And, relapsing into prose, the reviewer runs a chivalrous tilt at "that cursed sin," "amalgamation." And he says: "'Nature's laws are stronger than bayonets.' 'No mixed race will she support,'" And yet, these same Scriptural Slavery is "a thought of God," and a "creation of God," and that Blacks were made to be used up for the comfort of Whites, the reviewer nevertheless avows that he is "hardly sanguine enough to believe with" Mr. Campbell, that "'there is a rapid change going on in the public mind of our Northern States favourable to negro Slavery.'"

Any elaborate reply to such an ebulition as this, would be, of course, superfluous. As to the alleged intellectual monkeyism of the Negro race, all stuff of that sort was forever scattered to the winds by the being and doing of Touissant, though there would not have been wanting a thousand others to demonstrate its libellousness had no Touissant ever existed.

If Prof. De Bow claims to be a man, we think he very inconsistently puzzles himself with his problem "why an ass is not a man, or a man an ass." The claim would deny the possibility of any problem in the case, and the only "mystery" to puzzle "our limited intellects," would lie in the fact, that at least one man "*is* an ass."

A word touching the Louisianian's horror of that "cursed sin," "amalgamation"; for,

"O, thereby hangs a tail"

When Henry A. Wise, who ought to have been christened Henry A. Folly, taunted John Quincy Adams with encouraging amalgamation, "Mr. Speaker," said the "old man eloquent." I have been told, that there is a striking resemblance between the countenances of many of the Virginia slaves and those of their masters. I would ask the gentleman from that State if such is the fact. I put the question with all due respect, and solely for information." The chivalrous Mr. Folly slunk into his seat, and no more was heard of "amalgamation" on that day. We forget whether it was prior or subsequent to that occasion, that Mr. Adams presented a petition in which the name of George Latimer, who had escaped from Slavery in Virginia and found refuge in Massachusetts, appeared as a "citizen" of the latter. But the scene which followed the presentation of that petition, is very fresh in our memory. "I'll be d——d if George Latimer is a *citizen* of Massachusetts," vociferated a member from the Old Dominion. Mr. Adams, fixing his eye on that member, and with an intonation of voice which even now can hardly have ceased to ring in the ears of certain Virginians, exclaimed: "George Latimer *is* a citizen of Massachusetts, and the blood of one of the first families in Virginia runs in his veins." In truth, the utter ridiculousness of all Southern pretences of abhorrence of amalgamation, is perfectly unequalled, saving by the wholesaleness of its practice by Southerners; and, therefore, the less those chivalrous gentlemen have to say about the lecherous iniquity, the less forcibly will they obtrude on public attention their resemblance to those prostitutes who affect to be so especially shocked by indelicate allusions. But there is a grain of real comfort to be derived from what this Southern reviewer says of the inevitable tendency of amalgamation to destroy its victims. Indeed, if the reviewer is quite right on that point, the end of Slavery, *although* a "thought of God," and "a creation of God," is surely at no infinite distance. It must ultimately die of the hybridous embraces of its motley subjects; and its death, anyhow, will be a matter of everlasting rejoicing to all outside of Pandemonium.

The reviewer informs us, that the author of the atheistic book which so delights him is a Northern man, and a man wholly devoid of Southern prejudices! We will only add, that we were prepared to hear as much; for the dirtiest work of the Slaveholders has always been done by "gentlemen" educated in "the free principles of the Free States." The same "chivalry" which makes Southerners slaveholders, also makes them employ Northerners to do the worst scavengery of the system.—*Cleveland True Democrat.*

REMARKS OF HON. PRESTON KING,

OF NEW YORK,

On the bill to authorize the Governor of New Mexico to call another session of the Legislative Assembly: delivered in the House of Representatives, May 17th, 1852.

THE first business in order being the consideration of "A bill to authorize the Governor of New Mexico to call another session of the Legislative Assembly, should the same be deemed necessary and expedient,"

Mr. KING said:

Mr. Chairman: No more appropriate opportunity will occur for me to submit some remarks I desire to make than the present, when the business relating to the Territories whose acquisition originated the measures respecting which I shall speak, is before the Committee on the state of the Union. I allude to the measures known as the compromise measures.

Mr. RICHARDSON. I rise to a question of order. I regret it very much, but this week is set apart for the territorial business, and I feel that I ought to do all I can to press that business forward. I make the question of order, that the discussion of anything except something in relation to the bill itself is out of order.

Mr. KING. We are in Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union.

The CHAIRMAN. The Chair decides that the gentlemen from Illinois [Mr. Richardson] is right in his point of order; but the gentleman from New York [Mr. King] has not yet shown what is to be the drift of his remarks, and it is impossible for the Chair to decide him out of order.

Mr. KING. My remarks will be general, and in relation to measures which were adopted in consequence of the acquisition of these Territories. I intend to speak upon the measures usually known as the compromise measures; and upon the point of order I will say it has been invariably decided, whenever a question of order has been raised like that of the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Richardson], when the House were in Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, that any question relating to the Union, or its affairs, was in order.

The CHAIRMAN. The Chair has not decided the gentleman from New York [Mr. King] to be out of order. The bill now before the House provides for an extra session of the Legislative Assembly of New Mexico, and refers especially to "An act proposing to the State of Texas the establishment of her northern and western boundaries; the relinquishment by said State of all territory claimed by her exterior to said boundaries, and of all her claims upon the United States, and to establish a territorial government for New Mexico." I think the Chair would be exceeding its authority, and the practice of the House on former occasions, to decide remarks such as the gentleman from New York proposes to make, to be out of order at this early period.

Mr. RICHARDSON. I request, after the gentleman from New York shall have concluded his remarks, that the House will permit us to pass these bills, that we may get towards the end of them, and then take up some of the other bills, and discuss these questions as they ought to be. I desire to pass this bill.

The CHAIRMAN. That is a question for the House, and not the Chair.

Mr. HOUSTON. Mr. Chairman, I understand——

The CHAIRMAN. Does the gentleman from Alabama [Mr. Houston] rise to a question of order?

Mr. HOUSTON. I understood the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Richardson] to have raised a question of order——

The CHAIRMAN. The gentleman has made a question of order which has been overruled. Does the gentleman from Alabama appeal?

Mr. HOUSTON. I do not.

Mr. KING. On the final adjournment of the last Congress, those in and out of Congress who favoured or acquiesced in the passage of the series of measures relating to Slavery which grew out of the late acquisition of territory by the United States, declared that these questions were settled; and they then declared their hostility to any further agitation or discussion of them. They went so far as to denounce agitation as hostile to the peace and safety of the Union. In the passage of these acts, the lines of party division had been disregarded; and, although most of them were adopted by Congress under the guide of the great leader of the Whig party—Mr. Clay—and were all but one of them indebted for their adoption to the active influence of a Whig administration, without which they could never have become laws, yet they were voted for and voted against by members of Congress without regard to the distinction of Whig or Democrat. Whatever may be the opinion of any man, or set of men, for or against any or all of these measures, or whatever may be the opinion of the wisdom and patriotism, or the want of both, in which these measures were conceived and adopted, they stand as laws upon the statute-book; and whatever the present opinion of individuals, or the future opinion of the courts or the country, may be of their constitutional validity, enough has transpired to show that the courts, as they are now constituted, are of opinion that all these laws are constitutional.

What are the measures which now stand as enactments upon the statute book in relation to Slavery in the new Territories? First, in the order of time, is the law erecting Oregon into a territorial government. In this law, by the act of Congress, Slavery and involuntary servitude are expressly prohibited in that Territory. This law is the only one of the series which was passed by Congress under a Democratic administration. It was approved by President Polk, who sent to Congress a special message assigning the grounds upon which he approved and signed it. The prohibition of Slavery in the Oregon territorial bill is important mainly in the assertion and maintenance of the constitutional power of Congress to prohibit Slavery in the Territories; for the people of Oregon, like the people of the Territories acquired from Mexico, were opposed to the introduction of Slavery among them, and desired only that in some form its introduction should be prevented by law. President Polk was personally opposed to inserting the prohibitory clause against Slavery in the Oregon bill; but no constitutional objection existing, he deferred to the known public sentiment of the country and signed it. All the other measures have been passed under the present Whig administration. One of these is the admission of California into the Union as a State, with a constitution containing an express prohibition of Slavery. With the application of California for admission as a State, their constitution, containing the provision against Slavery, was submitted to Congress, was approved as consistent with the constitution of the United Saates, and California was admitted a free State into the Union by act of Congress. Another measure is the organization of separate territorial governments for the two Territories of New Mexico and Utah.

The people of New Mexico were known to be opposed to the introduction of Slavery among them by their own express declaration in a constitution which they formed with a view to their admission into the Union as a State.

The people of Utah—who are chiefly if not entirely Mormons—whose difficulties with the people of the States in which they attempted to settle induced them to emigrate to the place they now inhabit, have not, that I am aware, ever distinctly expressed their opinion for or against Slavery—unless an effort which they made to be included within the State of California, whose constitution prohibits Slavery, may be regarded as expressive of their opinions upon this subject. The acts of Congress creating these two territorial governments declare that they may hereafter be admitted into the Union as States, with or without Slavery, as the people of these Territories may determine when they come to be admitted as States; but these acts do not decide or declare the law in these Territories for the time during which they remain under territorial governments. When this measure was before Congress, the friends of Slavery denied the validity of the Mexican law abolishing Slavery, but demanded that this law should be repealed, and that the Territories be opened to the introduction of Slavery. Those opposed to the extension of Slavery insisted that the Mexican law should be affirmed, and that Slavery should be expressly prohibited by act of Congress.

The friends of the compromise measures—some of them declaring that the law of God, the climate, and the law of Nature, as well as the law of Mexico, forbid the introduction of Slavery into these Territories; that Slavery could not go there, and no act of Congress was necessary—opposed, and were strong enough to prevent any express declaration by Congress, authorizing or prohibiting Slavery in New Mexico or Utah during the period they remain under territorial government. The law relating to Slavery, then, in these Territories is to be found in their own established law under the Mexican government, which existed previous to and at the time of their cession to the United States. This law had abolished Slavery. Another of the measures was the act of Congress fixing, with the assent of Texas, the boundaries of that State. By this act, Texas, for a consideration of $10,000,000, abandoned all claim to any part of New Mexico, outside of the boundary line agreed upon by the United States and Texas. By this act, all that part of New Mexico east of the Rio Grande, and outside of the boundary line of Texas thus settled, was released from all claims of jurisdiction by Texas, her laws, and constitution, and remained a part of New Mexico. Standing, of course, like the rest of the territory ceded by Mexico, it was incorporated with that part of New Mexico west of the Rio Grande, and forms a part of the Territory organized under a territorial government as New Mexico. These are all the late laws relating to Slavery in the Territories; and, with the laws abolishing the slave trade in the District of Columbia, and the fugitive slave law, are all the laws which—though not so called at the time they were passed, because the word compromise was then in bad odour—have since come to be known as the compromise measures. These, or any other laws which should be found to be inconsistent with the constitution of the United States, are null and void. Any, or all of them which are consistent with the constitution, are valid, as the law of the land, until they shall be modified or repealed by the appropriate constitutional authority. Congress possesses the perfect constitutional power to modify or repeal any one or all of them, except that in relation to the boundary line of States, the admission of States into the Union, the stipulations of treaties or compacts, where more than one party is interested, or where political or pecuniary rights have been once defined and vested, Congress, or the law-making power of one party alone cannot change them.

It is now not quite two years since the last of these laws were passed, and the cry then raised against further agitation has ceased; and some of those who were most forward in raising the cry against agitation are now proposing to submit these compromise measures, and especially the fugitive slave law, to discussion and agitation for a popular verdict in a presidential election, to determine whether they are settled or not. What has produced this change?

In December last, when Congress assembled, and the representatives had come fresh from, and imbued with, the public sentiment in their respective districts, it was found that the panic-makers, who desire to save the Union as often as once in six months, and to get their pay for it as often as once a quarter, had got together and decided that the Congressional caucuses of both political parties must pass resolutions acquiescing in the compromise measures; this must be done, or the Union was in danger. Well, the Democratic caucus met; and the first thing after it was organized, the compromise resolution was proposed. It was not well received by the majority of the caucus, and it was then proposed to refer the resolution to the Baltimore Convention; but the resolution and the proposition to refer it to the Baltimore Convention were both laid on the table, and the Democratic caucus nominated its candidates and elected them: in the Whig caucus, the compromise resolution was adopted; but they made no nominations, and came into the House on Monday, as all recollect, with a sad exhibition of their party and their compromise resolution. From what quarter does the advice come to the Democratic party to change its platform, and make all these compromise laws a part of the Democratic creed, and a party test? Chiefly from the Whigs of Georgia and Mississippi, and such of the Democrats of these two States as united with the Whigs in the last election, aided by a few Whigs and Democrats all over the Union, who do not seem to be well satisfied with their position, and desire in some way to be endorsed. In my judgment, these gentlemen are not safe advisers for the Democratic party.

In Georgia and Mississippi, these new combinations and new tests have sent two Whig United States Senators into the Senate.

But are the States of Georgia and Mississippi prepared to declare their acquiescence in the Wilmot proviso, in the act of Congress organizing the Territory of Oregon, and in the prohibition of Slavery in the constitution of California, and to express themselves satisfied with the present condition of the Territories acquired from Mexico, and the abolition of the slave trade in the District of Columbia? If so, let there be no equivocation in the proposition they present to endorse or acquiesce in the compromise measures. If there is to be a finality and end to efforts for the extension of Slavery, it will do much to reconcile the country to almost any form of words expressing acquiescence in measures having such a conclusion. But the fugitive slave law seems, with these gentlemen, to be the beginning and end of the Compromise. This law is odious, and for this very reason it would seem the COALITION politicians of Georgia and Mississippi demand that this law shall be the issue in the next presidential election. They have pushed this issue upon the Whig Congressional caucuses and broken that party into fragments. They demand that the Democratic party shall make the same issue. It is openly insisted that the old party divisions are unsatisfactory, and that the country must be divided again upon a Slavery issue. The Democratic party can make the issue; and it is for the Democratic National Convention at Baltimore to determine if the proposition shall be presented—whether they will make it or adhere to the established Democratic platform.

In 1848, the Democratic Convention at Baltimore refused to change its platform; but an outside Slavery issue was made by the Nicholson letter, and the Democratic party was divided and defeated. The compromise measures were not passed as a party measure. They are not an issue between the two parties organized as Democrats and Whigs. But few of either party supported them all. If a part of them are particularly presented, controversy will be revived. If the fugitive slave law alone shall be presented, and it is to be decidbd whether that law shall be continued, modified, or repealed, I shall vote to modify it, or to repeal it. And if the electors of New York are challenged by the issue presented to them to decide at the election whether they are satisfied with or approve that law, in my opinion, they will reject the candidate for President who is presented to them because he makes the fugitive slave law the platform of his party politics, as I have no doubt Georgia and Mississippi would reject the candidate who should be presented to them because he was opposed to that law. An issue upon the subject of Slavery is and must be, in the present condition of the different States of the Union, a sectional issue. The effort of political partisans to make it out that either party is more friendly to Slavery than the other has a tendency to make parties sectional. The Democratic party, regarding Slavery as it exists in the States a subject of State and not national jurisdiction, has always heretofore refused to make a national Slavery issue. The Democratic members of the present Congress, assembled in caucus at the commencement of the present session, refused to make such an issue, and I believe that the Democratic National Convention, which is soon to assemble, will refuse to change its position in this respect by making a Slavery issue for the presidential election. But should such an issue be deliberately made by the national nominating convention, and the electors of the Union be invited and challenged to indicate their opinions of Slavery by their votes for President, I have no doubt the verdict at the election would truly express the sentiments of the country upon this as well as upon any other question presented at an election for a popular verdict to pronounce upon.

THE RECENT SLAVE CASE AT COLUMBIA, PA.—James M. Buchanan and Otho Scott, Esqs, the two commissioners appointed by Gov. Lowe, to proceed to Pennsylvania and investigate all the facts in relation to the shooting of Wm Stansbury, the fugitive slave, at Columbia, by officer A. Ridgly, of this city, having completed the duties assigned them, returned to this city on Saturday evening. We presume they will report all the facts obtained, to Gov. Lowe, in a few days. The *Columbia Spy* states that a number of witnesses were examined by them (assisted by A. Herr Smith, Esq., of Lancaster) at the office of J. W. Fisher, Esq., the District Attorney of the county. Several persons, whose testimony was taken soon after the affair occurred, were cross-examined, but nothing new, it is alleged, was elicited. The following testimony of Deputy Marshal Lyne, and the cross-examination of Deputy Snyder, contain some important facts.

Henry Lyne sworn—I am a Deputy Marshal, and went with Messrs Snyder and Ridgely to make the arrest of the fugitive, Geo. Stansbury; I remained behind about one hundred yards when they went to make the arrest; I did not see the attempt to make the arrest; I did not hear the pistol fired; Ridgely and Snyder returned to me; when they were about twenty yards from me, Ridgely threw up his hands and exclaimed, "My God, I have shot him;" this was immediately after it occurred; he said while in the struggle, he went to draw out his "billy," (meaning his mace,) and in mistake got the pistol; he said he went to strike him with it, and it went off; he then showed me his finger—it was chewed up outrageously; I asked him how that happened; he said, "The d—d nigger had it in his mouth;" we went together up into the road, and Ridgely said, "I will go and give myself up."

Solomon Snyder—At the time Ridgely and I approached Stansbury, Ridgely had nothing in his hand; I was about eight or ten feet from Ridgely when I arrested Stansbury; the first expression I made use of was, "George Stansbury, I have a United States warrant for you;" he replied, "let me go, let me go," and made a jump and got four or five feet from me; at the moment that Ridgely seized him, Stansbury got the thick part of his hand in his mouth, and bit him

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*** *All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

†‡† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1852.

New England Anti-Slavery Convention.

THE nineteenth annual *New England Anti-Slavery Convention* assembled in Boston, at the Melodeon, on Tuesday, May 25, at 10 o'clock, A. M. The chair was taken by FRANCIS JACKSON, President of the Massachusetts Society, who called to order.

The following persons were chosen a Committee to report a suitable organization of the Convention, viz.: Cornelius Bramhall, of Roxbury; Stephen S Foster, of Worcester; Jos. J. Locke, of South Kingston, N H.

Opportunity for prayer, vocal or silent, was given.

The Committee of Organization reported the following list of officers of the Convention:

For President—EDMUND QUINCY.

Vice Presidents—Francis Jackson, Boston; Effingham L. Capron, Worcester; Jacob Noyes, Newburyport; James N. Buffum, Lynn; N. Allen, of Vermont; Sherman S. Griswold, of Connecticut; Luther Melendy, of New Hampshire.

Secretaries—Samuel May, Jr., Leicester; Elvira J. Kenny, Salem; Alonzo J. Grover, Abington.

Business Committee—Wm. L. Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Abby K. Foster, Parker Pillsbury, Joseph J. Locke, Joseph Barker, Lucy Stone, Alice H. Easton.

Finance Committee—Lewis Ford, Elbridge Sprague, Nathaniel B. Spooner.

The Convention unanimously voted to accept the report, and the said persons were accordingly elected.

The Business Committee retired for conference; and ABBY KELLEY FOSTER, of Worcester, arose to address the Convention. She thought we were approaching a time which was to test severely the principles and the fidelity of the Abolitionists. She desired to warn them against having their attention diverted from the great point of the sinfulness and guilt of Slavery to the side issues of politics, whether Free Soil or any other. Vigilance Committees, and the like; but especially against the corrupting and hardening influences of politics would she warn them. She quoted the testimony of the late venerable Seth Sprague, a well known politician during the early and middle period of his life, concerning their corrupting effects; he had declared to her his mortification and sorrow, as he remembered things which he had stooped to do and consent to as a politician, which he could never have been brought to do, much less to sanction, as an individual man. To the same effect, Mrs. F. referred to the testimonies of many men in political life, in the States of New York and Ohio, where she had spent much time the past three or four years. She concluded by an earnest appeal to all who loved the cause to rally around their high moral standard, and to stand firmly there to the last. [Much applause followed her speech.]

Mr. GARRISON, from the Business Committee, reported the following resolutions:

1. Resolved, That the Anti-Slavery movement numbers among its co-labourers and supporters all the Christian Churches and Institutions of the land, while it wages unceasing war against all Associations, under whatever name they may disguise themselves, which soothe the conscience of slaveholders, prostitute the Bible to the support of Slavery, or aid the majority of a cruel and mercenary nation in sacrificing the inalienable rights and highest interests of one race to the wealth and prosperity of another.

2. Resolved, That, while we find no fault with the most generous hospitality and welcome extended to the Hungarian Exile, we cannot but consider the lavish and unqualified eulogy poured out upon him, by the Free Soil party, and even by men not used to indiscriminate praise of any man or thing, as sad signs of the times, signs of how imperfectly the slave's claims are appreciated by some of the best minds among us, and how many, who preach the highest individuality and claim to be peculiarly independent, are swayed by popular impulse and the idolatry of the hour.

Mr. Garrison spoke of a danger attending our annual gatherings, that they would become either formal on the one hand, or be regarded simply as seasons of pleasant recreation on the other. This point needs to be guarded, lest they become to us 'a savour of death unto death,' rather than of 'life unto life.'

We have done, said Mr. G., a large amount of work, and have accomplished many, great and invaluable results. Yet, in view of the enormous strength, the extraordinary activity and unity of the Slave Power, he felt overwhelmed by the work before us. He had recently met (at Niagara Falls) a slaveholder of Florida, recently U. S. Charge d'Affaires at Mexico. This man spoke, with the utmost freedom and absence of reserve, of the determination of the slaveholding interest of this country to overrun and subjugate all Mexico, and convert it into slave territory; and to bring this about, it mattered not whether the Whig or Democratic party were in the ascendency. And after Mexico had been conquered, so much of South America would follow as might be wanted, with Cuba, Hayti, and the West India Islands generally.

And what is the American Church doing? The Old School Assembly of the Presbyterian Church is one of the oldest and most influential bodies in the land. It is now holding its annual meeting; and where? In Sodom—in Gomorrah—in Pandemonium, so far as this question of Slavery goes—in the city of Charleston, South Carolina, the very focal point of Slavery and of ultra slaveholding doctrines and measures. The New School Assembly, too, is holding its annual meeting in Washington, where there are thousands of slaves, where Drayton and Sayres lie immured in the national prison for a deed of mercy to their enslaved fellow-men, and where the chief slaveholders, from all sections of the country, meet in Congress; and that church is dumb! No! it is the apologist, the justifier, the ally of the slaveholder.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church is now, and for several weeks has been, holding its quadrennial meeting in this city. What to do? To say a word about Slavery and the Fugitive Slave Law? No! A prominent member of that Church had told him they intended to keep quiet on these subjects. The members of this Conference, coming from all parts of the Northern States, and from many of the slaveholding States, are men whom the slave-catching city of Boston can welcome—to whom it shows especial honours, inviting them to an excursion in the harbour, and to a splendid banquet, at the expense of the city (a proceeding, Mr. President, said Mr. G., which I, as a tax-paying citizen, deny the right and the justice of, and declare the City Government guilty of a fraud in so doing)—inviting them, too, to go to Faneuil Hall, and occupy reserved seats there; an invitation which they accepted, and went thither in a body—to hear the great slave-hunter of the nation, Daniel Webster, open his lips and blaspheme Liberty.

JOSEPH BARKER was introduced to the Convention by the President. Mr. Barker was formerly of England, but has recently established himself in Ohio.

Before Mr. Barker spoke, Mr. Garrison came forward and said, that the presence of an Englishman thus early on our platform was a proof that he was a *man*. Of the thousands of Englishmen who have come to this country, there have been but few *men*. Mr. Barker had done a great work, in England, against aristocratic and oppressive institutions there. He had confidence in him, that he would do an equally fearless work in this land, which he has made his home.

Mr. Barker said that, wherever he might be, on such a subject as Slavery, he should wish to have it distinctly known where he stood. If he were silent about Slavery, in this country, he should feel himself to some extent answerable for its continuance; if he spoke out, and told on which side he was, if he did no more, he would at least exonerate himself from that responsibility. He said it was always very difficult for him to feel at home and self-possessed when attempting to speak in a new and strange place. The thoughts and ideas were all in him, but they refused to come at his call and face the enemy. He hoped to become more familiar with American audiences, and be able to address them with the same ease he had felt in his own country.

He did not profess to agree with the Garrisonian Abolitionists (as they had been called) in all things. It would be a miracle, if he did. He entirely agreed with them in their opposition to Slavery at all times, and under all circumstances. He believed they were in the right path, and going in the right direction, which, if faithfully followed, would lead them to a perfect triumph.

It was announced that the discussions were free to all.

Rev. Mr. HASSELL, of Missouri, said he rose because he was an Englishman, and that Mr. Garrison and others might know that there *were* Englishmen, besides Mr. Barker, who did not fear to express Anti-Slavery sentiments in this country. He has resided at St. Louis, a slaveholding city, and had not hesitated to declare himself an Abolitionist—on some occasions when he seemed to incur imminent hazard of personal injury. He said there was much Anti-Slavery feeling in St. Louis. He said he differed from the views and principles of the Garrison party; while he confessed that he knew but little of what those principles are. Perhaps, said he, if I knew you better, I should find myself more in agreement with you than I suppose.

STEPHEN S. FOSTER said that the principles of the Garrison Abolitionists were 'to remember those in bonds as bound with them,' to do, to and for the slaves, what we would wish done to and for us, if in their place. He referred to an expression of Mr. Garrison that the Slave Power could not triumph, because God was stronger than it. Now, said Mr. T., I do not look to God to overthrow Slavery. He has already done all that He will do, in establishing those eternal principles of Right and Justice, and those unchangeable Laws, which, if followed and observed by men, will destroy Slavery. God has conferred on man every moral and intellectual power needful to do away with Slavery; and if men are true to these, Slavery will be done away.

Mr. TITCOMB, of Boston, spoke of the great change which had been wrought in his own mind, respecting Slavery and the Abolitionists, since the enactment and enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law.

Mr. FOSTER, in reply to an inquiry, explained more at length what he meant by saying that he did not expect God to do away with Slavery. Said Mr. F., God never gives me, nor other men, a crop of corn unless we attend to his natural laws, observe them, and conform to them. And as it is with his physical, so it is with his moral universe; just 'as a man sows, so does he also reap'; if he disregards and violates the great moral laws of God, he will get a crop of despotisms; if he observes them, and labours in faith and patience under them, he will reap a crop of freedom. This is as certain in morals as in physics; and he thought that we were unjust to God in implying that He had not done what He might to overthrow evil, while we did ourselves injury in supposing that we could not, as men, remove human evils if we would.

Mr. HASSELL said the Abolitionists were too severe—too harsh. They made no exceptions. They gave way to a bad spirit.

Mr. GARRISON showed it was not the spirit of the Abolitionists that was hated, but *their principle of the capacity of the coloured man*. Such men as J. G. Palfrey, J. R. Giddings, and Horace Mann, who had no connection with the Abolitionists proper, are hated and denounced not less than we. Mr G. reminded Mr. Hassell that perhaps he himself was falling into the same error which he had charged upon us, when he undertook to pronounce that Mr. Foster was actuated by a bad spirit.

On motion of S. MAY, Jr., it was Voted, That the hours of meeting, during this Convention, be 10 A. M., 3 P. M., and 7 1-2 in the evening.

Mr. MAY said it had been determined, by the Committee of Arrangements, to require an admission fee of five cents to the evening meetings, for the purpose of contributing to the expenses of the meeting, and of making up the audience more fully of the friends of the cause, and persons who desired to hear candidly the discussions of the Convention.

Adjourned.

AFTERNOON.—Francis Jackson in the Chair.

The Resolutions before the Convention having been read by the Secretary, Mrs. Redlon, of Providence, commented upon some of the views presented by S. S. Foster, and concluded with a warm eulogium of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's book, entitled 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'

Rev. Mr. GRISWOLD, of Stonington, Ct., said he had never seen Mr. Garrison until to-day. The term *Garrisonism* had been repeatedly used in this discussion; he cared nothing for the name, which might signify something or nothing. He did not know that it was agreeable to Mr. Garrison himself to have this word so used—[Mr. Garrison rose, and said he should be glad to have the name run out of sight; he greatly preferred to have them speak of the principles of the American Anti-Slavery Society.] Mr. Griswold proceeded: He wished to express his very deep interest in the present Convention, and in the movement of which it is a part, because it contains a great principle, one which he deemed of vital moment, viz: That it undertakes to carry forward a great moral work, by a reliance upon purely moral instrumentalities. He enforced and illustrated this idea by the history of the early Christian Church. And for another reason, he said, he had respect and confidence in this Anti Slavery movement, and that is because it recognises the freedom of speech—liberty for all to speak their convictions. I hold, said he, that no man has a right to utter any sentiment whatever, which all other men may not controvert. With truth for our weapon, and freedom of speech to employ it, we must inevitably reach the hearts and consciences of men. Something was said in the morning of the harshness of speech among Abolitionists. Now, said Mr. G., I am not going to apologize for other people; it is as much as I can do to apologize for myself. I acknowledge it *seems* harsh (as we are not used to it) to call one of our fellow-citizens a man-thief. The difficulty lies in our unwillingness to give things their right names. A man who steals a chicken is a chicken-thief; everybody sees that, and none think it harsh. He who steals a horse, is a horse-thief. All agree to that. What, then, is he who steals a man, but a man-thief? Men come amongst us, aye, to this very city, whose pockets are lined with money extorted from the unpaid labour of stolen men and women, and they are welcomed to the highest places, and put behind the communion-table to administer the Sacrament, while I could not be admitted there, if I had stolen anything else to the value of a single farthing.

Once more—I am, sir, a friend of Christianity. God forbid I should say a word in derogation of it. God forbid, too, that I should try to bolster up, as Christianity, what is not. I lately read that a thousand persons had been converted in this city, during the winter. Do you suppose that one of these converts prayed God to forgive him for sympathising with Slavery? [No, no, from several voices.] Of what, then, did they repent? I think it probable, if a hue and cry were raised in the street after a runaway slave, these very converts would join in the hunt, and lay their hands upon the trembling slave. Of what have they repented then, I ask? Men should repent of all wickedness. I protest, sir, against such a religion, and I denounce it as worthless. I can have no respect for such a church. I make no war upon the Church of Christ; I have read in an old book the promise that 'the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.' Then, whence this timidity and fearfulness on the part of the Church? Is she conscious of her sins and weakness? Why is it that she does not open her doors, and welcome the discussion of this question? But for the Church which sustains Slavery, wherever it be, I am ready to say with another, I will welcome the bold hand which shall destroy it, whether it come from Heaven or from Hell. I am not ashamed, and have no fear, to stand with these friends. I have come up to this Convention that I might stand with them against Slavery.

Mr. Griswold is of the denomination of Seventh Day Baptists.

EDMUND QUINCY, the President, took the Chair.

Rev. HIRAM HUTCHINS, of Charlestown (President of the N. E Free Baptist Mission Society), said he would confine his remarks to the first resolution, with which he sympathised entirely. The Church is bound, he said, to go for moral right, and oppose all moral wrong; indeed, this is her only legitimate work. How can the Church retain her hold on the public conscience? Rather, how is she to retain her hold, which she has so nearly lost? I answer, by identifying herself with all the moral issues now before the people (cheers). The American Church, standing on the shoulders of Luther and Calvin, ought to see farther than they. She ought not to be engaged in discussing questions settled centuries ago. The great question of the Age, which the Church ought to take up, is this—the Equal Brotherhood of all men (cheers). Standing as I do on Bunker Hill, I ought to be a free man. Whether I am so or not, I can at least see clearly that the Church cannot go forward one step, nor save herself from desolation, unless she will come up to this principle, without respect to clime, country, or colour. Let her cease from the folly of fighting the dead giants. And if she has, as she tells us, the orthodox faith, let her have, also, an orthodox practice. I have no disposition to cover up any defects in sects or churches, or to claim for them what is not justly theirs. But I rejoice to say that, of the forty or fifty conversions we have had in our church, all have confessed the same great principle, of which I have spoken.

Rev. JEHIEL CLAFLIN, of Vermont, arose to express his sympathy with the American Anti-Slavery Society, with its principles, and its friends. Very many persons, in the region where I dwell, he said, think an Abolitionist is, of course, an enemy of the Sabbath, an opponent of all Civil Government, one who aims to subvert all Law, Order and Religion. I know this to be false. The members of the Society have their own opinions on the above subjects, and they have a right to them. But the Society has never, to my knowledge, attacked any organization, or any Church *per se*, but only as they have arrayed themselves on the side of Slavery. He had long been an Anti-Slavery man, and had been a reader of the *Liberator* for ten years past. He was rejoiced to meet the friends at this time, and hoped that, in the three days' meeting, they would make many new converts to their cause.

Mr. GARRISON said he was exceedingly glad to see one clergyman after another, rising, this afternoon, in their meeting. It was a good sign. He commented upon a paragraph in the *Commonwealth* of this morning, censuring the Abolitionists for encouraging so much radicalism on their platform. A free platform, said Mr. G., invites and attracts free men to it. It is the height of folly to expect that a Society, or a Convention, which thus opens its platform to all, is to be held responsible for every sentiment uttered upon it. There are certain things for which such a body does become responsible—its votes, resolutions, &c., show what these are.

Mr. GARRISON, from the Business Committee, reported the following resolutions:

3. Resolved, That if it be cause of exultation to the Great Slave Hunter of the North, that Faneuil Hall is 'open' to him, let him be admonished that there is another place that is also open to the man who would 'bewray him that wanders,' and refuse to hide the outcast, and return to his master the slave who has escaped, and that place is—perdition.

4. Resolved, That in the unanimous invitation extended to this remorseless enemy of the coloured population of the United States to address the citizens of Boston in Faneuil Hall, by the city authorities, and in their bestowal of fresh laudations and honours upon him, we have the clearest evidence of the utter moral degradation, and loss of self-respect, and treachery to the cause of liberty, of the people of Boston, if they have not been foully misrepresented by those to whom they have entrusted their municipal affairs.

G. W. F. MELLEN got the floor and read an anonymous letter to himself. His remarks were ruled out of order. The Convention, on an appeal, sustained the chair, and Mr. Mellen took his seat.

Rev. Mr. CLAFLIN, in reply to a question of Mr. May, as to who was responsible for the misrepresentation of Abolitionists in Vermont, said (if we rightly understood him) that the misrepresentations were undoubtedly to be traced to ministers, and other men whose positions would enable them to know the truth, if they would avail themselves of their facilities.

JOSEPH BARKER said that the greater proportion of speakers on this platform this afternoon had been Orthodox men—Orthodox preachers—and they had shown themselves conscientious Orthodox men and Abolitionists. Why, then, should not this Society have the name of a strictly Evangelical and Orthodox Society, if the sentiments of the men who occupy its platform are to determine the sentiments of the Society? He enlarged upon the importance and necessity of this principle of a free platform, to the discovery of truth, whether in sentiment or in action.

JAMES N. BUFFUM objected to the third resolution that it introduced a sectarian or theological question. It was not fully settled that there was such a place as perdition.

It was explained that perdition described a condition of souls.

JOHN RAND, of Milton, feared that his Anti-Slavery friends were sometimes themselves responsible for the misunderstanding of their sentiments.

STEPHEN S. FOSTER, in reply, said that he thought it was because we are so exactly and clearly understood, that we have been hated and denounced. Slaveholders have always understood us, as bent on the overthrow of their system, and have therefore denounced us. And cannot the priests and politicians immediately around us, understand us as well as the slaveholders? Am I wanted to say, in words, that I am not making war on the Church of God? What would be the use of that? If I were capable of warring upon the Church of God, I should be capable of lying to conceal it. The only way I can demonstrate that I am not waging war on the church of God, is to wage war on the institutions of the devil. Show me a true friend of the slave, and of the Anti-Slavery reform, and I will show you a true friend of the Church of God. The true friend of the Church of God wars upon whatever is opposite to God, upon Slavery, upon Intemperance, upon War, upon whatever degrades and debases the children of God. And that which sustains and justifies these things, is not the church of God but the synagogue of Satan.

Mr. GARRISON referred briefly to his Anti-Slavery course. He had been accused of holding infidel views. And when he undertook to state and elucidate his views, in his own paper, in answer to such charges, he was charged with dragging in *extraneous topics*, and seeking to make proselytes. Now, as to his views on the Sabbath, which had occasioned a great outcry against him, he always had held, and he held now (and he did not say this to propitiate any body), that they are eminently Christian views, and in strict accordance with the spirit and teachings of Christ. And of his views on Civil Government, he could say the same. He vindicated the course of the *Liberator* as a free paper, open to communications from all honest and candid minds. The advocate of Slavery, of War, of Capital Punishment, may have, do have, and always have had, an opportunity to defend their systems in the columns of the *Liberator*. Every subject that is opened in its columns shall be freely canvassed there, said Mr. G., so far as I am concerned, if the parties interested will do their duty.

Adjourned.

EVENING.—FRANCIS JACKSON in the chair.

The four resolutions before the Convention were read again.

Rev. Mr. GRISWOLD, of Conn., wished to remark in reference to the alleged association of infidels with Abolitionists in this cause, that the policy usually adopted in reforms was to allow all persons, no matter what might be their views of religious matters, to co-operate together. It was so in the temperance cause, and no one objected to it—so it should be in this cause. He would say, that while it might be the case that some infidels were engaged in this work, he had no sympathy with their infidel sentiments.

WENDELL PHILLIPS said he had listened with interest to the discussion during the day, on the question of infidelity. We said, years ago, that the only exodus for the slave from his house of bondage was over the ruins of the American Church and the American Constitution. We believed it then, and we believe it now. If we have failed or erred, Sir, it was that we have never been earnest or plain enough (hear, hear). The young men who hear me, should they live thirty years, will then read our criticisms and pronounce them tame. If such a Church as has been described here to-day, and as the Church in this country is shown to be, be a Christian Church, then he should acknowledge himself to be an infidel, and glory in it. If, as the Methodist paper said, Gorsuch, who was killed when endeavouring to recapture his slave, was a Christian, and a 'model' one, he thanked God he was an infidel.

Mr. Phillips spoke of the aggressions upon Mexico, for the plunder of her fertile lands, her rich mines of gold, her climate and soil so fitted for slaves and Slavery. Now, in the remote Southwest, we hear of mines of silver, rich as those of California in gold, and the plans are already maturing at Washington for throwing all these into the greedy and robber hands of American cupidity. So with Hayti; and the mercantile and manufacturing interests of the Northern and middle States combine to aid in hurrying forward the scheme. This same great Slave Power paralyzes the pulpit of the land; obtains from it the infamous doctrine, that a Christian has no right to have a conscience in opposition to the laws of the land, no matter what these laws may be. By the occupant of the pulpit, where once Dr. Channing stood, we are told that a fugitive, who should come begging food and shelter to his doors, should be turned away. From Dr. Dewey we hear that he is ready, to save the Union, to send his mother, or his son, into Slavery. Then we have the Fugitive Law; twenty-six cases under which have already occurred in the single State of Pennsylvania, and only one of which, the glorious case of Christiana, terminated favourably for Freedom and the Right; and the entire Church and pulpit of the land (with the rarest exceptions) are silent, dumb, or demanding submission and aid to the infamous enactment.

He spoke of Kossuth—how noble, brave, unhesitating he was in Europe, when, following his high instincts, he gathered 200,000 men around him on the banks of the Danube. But when he came to America, Yankee-like, he began to *calculate*; and he calculated how he should get on without offending, and how he should get the most material aid. Then arose, in the minds of our people, the question, 'Is he honest?' Is he looking only at our pockets? Does he really care for freedom? or only for Hungarian freedom?

[Of the remainder of this speech, we are unable to give even a sketch.]

JOSEPH BARKER added a few remarks; and at 10 o'clock, the Convention adjourned to the following morning.

REPORT OF JOSEPH BARKER'S SPEECH,

IN REPLY TO

REV. MARK TRAFTON'S DEFENCE

Of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at the New England Anti-Slavery Convention, May, 1852.

MR CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—

Ever since these resolutions were laid before the Convention, I have been anxious that some minister of the Church should come forward, and, if possible, defend the Church from the charges preferred against it. I am glad Mr. Trafton has appeared. We have the means of satisfying ourselves whether the charges preferred against the Church of the country are just or not.

But, Mr. Chairman, what a defence of the Church it is to which we have been listening! If I had not heard it for myself, I could not have believed it possible that a Methodist minister could have made the statements and acknowledgements which Mr. Trafton has made before this audience. I could not have believed that the ministers of the Church could have been so lost to a sense of duty and propriety, if an accredited and influential member of the Conference had not furnished me with the proof. I was aware before, that the Methodist Church was to some extent guilty of the sin of slaveholding, but I was *not* aware, till I heard from Mr. Trafton the strange acknowledgements to which we have just been listening, that the guilt of that Church was so great, that its character and doings were so black. He has given us a darker picture of his Church and priesthood than is given in the resolutions which he charges with injustice and falsehood. It is impossible to *conceive* a more hideous picture than the one presented by the Reverend gentlemen. If the gentlemen's representations are to be relied on, a guiltier Church than the one of which he is a minister cannot possibly exist. This will be manifest to every one of common understanding, who will carefully examine his remarks. Let us look at a few of them.

1. He grants that slaveholding is a great crime—the greatest crime—the sum of all villanies. Yet he acknowledges that they *fellowship* slaveholders. He acknowledges that the church to which he belongs receives to its embraces, not liars, fornicators, thieves, adulterers and murderers merely, but men who are all these things in one; men guilty—daily, knowingly guilty of the sum of *all* villanies.

2. But it is unjust, he says, to call them pro-Slavery; we ought to call them *Anti-Slavery*, because they pass resolutions, and thus give their *testimony* against Slavery. Did ever mortal hear such a defence before? The fact that they *testify* against Slavery only renders their slaveholding the more inexcusable. If they had *not* given their testimony against it, we might have supposed that they sinned ignorantly; but now they have no cloak for their sin. Even charity herself has not a mantle large enough to cover such enormous guilt as this. Mr. Trafton is a mystery to me. I never heard of an advocate before, who, after acknowledging that his client was guilty of every abomination, attempted to justify the criminal on the ground that he had sinned with his eyes open—that he practiced his atrocities knowingly—that he had himself *testified* against such conduct, and pronounced it the sum of all villanies. A Methodist minister in England once attempted to excuse Judas Iscariot; but even he did not say, 'You ought to regard Judas as a friend of Jesus, because, though he did betray his Master, he *kissed* him while he did it.' But, to proceed.

3. 'You ask,' says Mr. Trafton, 'How is it, if your Church makes laws against Slavery, that there is slaveholding in it?' And he answered this question by asking, 'How is it that there is crime in Communities, where the Governments pass good laws?' We answer, 'Would Mr. Trafton consider a government virtuous, would he think it opposed to vice, if it tolerated the sum of all villanies; which endorsed as faithful citizens, men who broke its most sacred laws? We will suppose a government that makes laws against fornication and adultery, theft and murder, and issues yearly proclamations against those crimes, while all the time it calls those who commit those abominations good citizens, and instead of punishing them, admits them to all the privileges, honours and advantages of citizenship; would Mr. Trafton contend that such a government ought to be regarded as an enemy to crime? If communities make good laws and refuse to enforce them, they are chargeable with *hypocrisy* as well as crime. It is the same with churches.

4. But they would have to *dissolve* the church, says Mr. Trafton, if they were not to fellowship slaveholders. Then dissolve it. The church can be of no service that openly sanctions the sum of all villanies. But they have no need to dissolve the church; they have only to expel or disown the criminals.

5. But do you turn away your wife, because she happens to do wrong? I answer, if I had a wife that was daily and avowedly practising the sum of all villanies, not excepting even adultery, theft and murder, I would turn her away, unless she saved me the trouble by going away of her own accord. And the man who could live with such a woman, and hold her up as a pattern to her neighbours, would be loathed and execrated by the whole community.

But they *cannot* expel the slaveholders, says Mr. Trafton. We know better. They *can* expel them, if they will. They *do* expel people, when they choose. They say it is their duty to expel people that walk disorderly. They expel people for some things less than the sum of all villanies. They expel people for things which are *no* villanies at all. They expel them for differences of opinion. They expel them for thought and freedom of speech. They expel them for good and godlike deeds. The Methodist Church in England have lately expelled a number of ministers for a noble deed. Some anonymous pamphlets had been published against the absolute power of the Methodist priesthood, and recommending that the people, who subscribed all the funds, and built all the churches, should be allowed some share in the management of the affairs of the body. The ruling party in the Conference suspected some of the preachers of publishing these obnoxious pamphlets. They constituted themselves into an inquisition, and demanded that every preacher should be questioned, as to whether he was the author of those pamphlets, and required to answer YES or NO. Three preachers refused to answer, and the Conference expelled them. As it happened, the author of the pamphlets was not amongst the three; no matter, they refused to sanction the inquisition, and the sentence of expulsion has never been revoked. These preachers are treated as heathen men and publicans, both by the Methodist Church of England and the Methodist Church of America; for the two are one. The Methodist shut me out of its ministry, because I could not subscribe the doctrine that Jesus is the eternal Son of God—that the Son is as old as his Father. It is usual for the Methodist Conference to turn men out for such causes. If a preacher says he cannot believe that there are three persons in one God, or that little children come into the world utterly depraved, and under the wrath and curse of God on account of Adam's sin, they expel him. Yet *this* is not the sum of all villanies. If a man refuse to pay his weekly and quarterly subscriptions, they expel him. Yet *this* is not the sum of all villanies. If he call aloud for reform, they expel him. If he lecture in favour of the abolition of Slavery, they censure him, and if he persist in his course, they expel him. Yet to plead for the oppressed is godlike. If they were *disposed* to expel slaveholders, they *could* expel them; and if they had as much regard for the rights of their brethren as they have for absurd and blasphemous doctrines; or if they loved God or man as much as they love money, they *would* expel them.

He says Wesley preached against Slavery and spirit-drinking, but was not able to prevent them. I answer, Wesley *did* prevent them till his power was usurped by his faithless successors. He did not content himself with making rules and preaching—he *enforced* his rules. He refused to fellowship either the slaveholder, the spirit-seller, or the spirit-drinker. He kept them out of the Church when he could; and when he found such criminals in the Church, he expelled them. He called the distiller and the spirit-seller, murderers, murderers general, and treated them as such. He called the slaveholders, inhuman villains, and he treated *them* as such. When he went to Savannah, in Georgia, as a missionary, he refused to connive at the guilt of Slavery even for an hour. He chose rather to be expelled from the Colony than to sanction the sum of all villanies.

Mr. Trafton says, that 'when the preachers found that the slaveholders took offence at faithful preaching, the preachers relaxed their severity of their doctrine against slaveholding.' Exactly so. And in thus relaxing their doctrine, they made themselves answerable for the natural result, the growth and spread of Slavery, and the influx of slaveholders into the Church. They did, in effect, say, 'We must have you amongst us. We want your money; and if we cannot have you *without* your sins, we will take you *with* your sins. We will sanction the sum of all villanies, rather than miss our share of the plunder.'

'Well, but,' says our reverend opponent, 'the Church has still a *rule* against slaveholding, and always *has* had. I grant that we have slaveholders among us, thousands of slaveholders; and I also grant that slaveholding is the sum of all villanies; but we do still retain the rule, and we still keep up our testimony.' Exactly so. But is this refuting the charge preferred against you by the resolutions? It is only proving that the resolutions are not strong enough. It is proving that you are fighting against God and humanity with your eyes open. You are like a Yorkshire man that I knew, who kept a drunkery, but put up a temperance sign; with this exception, the man acknowledged that he kept a druukery when charged with doing so. The Methodist Churches keep an establishment for the encouragement of all villanies, but they think it hard that you should blame them for doing so, when they keep up a virtuous sign-board over the door. And this is defending the church! I repeat, that I could not have believed it possible for a man to make such a defence of a church, if I had not heard it with my own ears. Just imagine a parallel. Here is a gang of thieves and murderers. They are charged with acting criminally. They deny the charge, and enter on their defence. And what is the substance of their defence? 'Gentlemen of the Jury,' say they, 'the indictment is false. We grant that we are thieves and murderers; we get our bread and our wealth by stealing and killing; but, look here, gentlemen—we carry in our hats and the collars of our coats the inscription, 'HONEST AND GENEROUS MEN.'

'We have a *rule* against Slavery, and always *have* had,' says Mr. Trafton. I answer, the Methodists of England have a rule against spirit-drinking and spirit-selling, and they pledge themselves to obey and enforce it. They subscribe to John Wesley's sermons, in which spirit-sellers are denounced as wholesale murderers of the bodies and souls of men. Yet these same men do themselves drink spirits. They drink more freely than other men. They admit spirit-sellers into their churches, and place them in the highest offices. Instead of enforcing their rule, and practising their doctrine on temperance, they persecute and expel the temperance reformers. They forbid each other to lecture on temperance. They shut their chapels and school-rooms against temperance lecturers. They have divided the church by their opposition to temperance. Yet they claim to be the true and divinely ordained agency for the cure of intemperance. But what does all this mean? Simply this; that though the churches or priesthoods are determined to have the profits and pleasures of sin, they are very unwilling to be called sinners; that though they are determined to serve the devil as long as they think there is anything to be *got* from him, they are desirous of being *regarded* as the servants of some *other* and more *creditable* master.

Mr. Trafton said they were once called a drunken church, because they *would* not or *could* not, turn out rum-sellers and drunkards. Here is another insinuation, that they *cannot* always turn out offenders. This is a false insinuation. They never *are* unable to turn out offenders. The Methodist preachers have more power than any others except the Roman Catholic Priests. In England they can turn out *any* one, and they can do the same here. They cannot always turn out offenders without sacrificing pew-rents, donations and subscriptions; and there is the difficulty. They want a share of the murderer's gains, and they must therefore be careful not to offend him. The murderer will share with them his spoils, if they will take him under their protection, and call him Christian. So they wrap it up.

'The slave power is *too strong* for the church,' says the Reverend gentleman. I was astounded at this acknowledgement. The slave power is too strong for them, and yet they complain of the men who refuse to regard them as the church of the living God. They used to exclaim, they still exclaim, as Daniel Webster reminded them on Saturday last, 'The best of all is, GOD IS WITH US.' Yet here they say, when they want to excuse themselves for conniving at the sum of all villanies, 'The slave power is *too strong* for us.' The speaker reminded me of a passage in the Book of Judges, where it is said, 'And the LORD was with Judah; and he drove out the inhabitants of the mountains, but could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley, because they had chariots of iron.' Judges 1—19. No doubt the Methodist churches *have* a God among them, but, like the God of ancient Judah, he sometimes meets with opponents that are too strong for him. True enough, as the Apostle says, 'There be GODS many, and LORDS many'; but the Methodists have not got hold of the right one, if we are to believe Mr. Trafton. Did Jesus complain that the powers of evil were too strong for *him*? 'I saw Satan,' says he, 'falling like lightning; from heaven!' But Jesus served the *true* God, and formed no alliance with the devil. He bid him get behind him. Yet the devil made him very liberal offers. 'All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.' But Jesus was made of sterner stuff than Methodist Churches. 'The slave power is too strong for the church.' It was not thus that the Apostles talked. When Paul enumerated the enemies of the church, and spoke of the church's conflicts, he exclaimed, 'In all these things we are more than conquerors.' The church of the present day cannot conquer the *meanest* of God's foes, if we are to believe its reverend advocate. John said, 'He that is born of God overcometh the world.' The Methodists *cannot* overcome it. It is too strong for them. Then they are not born of God. Their professions of regeneration are a lie. 'But no slaveholder is eligible to office where the laws of the State allow emancipation,' says Mr. Trafton. Another acknowledgement, that the world is their master. A strange excuse for a church! We would not allow our members and office-holders to practice the sum of all villanies, if the laws of the villains, would allow us to do otherwise. We must not be better than the world, else the world will not love us. We should give the world offence, if we were to be better than they. Strange things these, to listen to from a minister of the gospel! Why, this is below the standard of Judaism, the beggarly system that Christianity came to supplant. When Daniel was forbidden to pray to his God, and when the three Hebrew youths were commanded to fall down and worship the golden image which the king had set up, they set the laws at defiance. They chose to be cast into the lions' den and the burning fiery furnace rather than bend to the will of the tyrant.

It is truly distressing to think of these churches and priesthoods. When they go as missionaries to the pagans, they require the poor idolators to risk even their lives, rather than bow to an idol. They expel them if they offer human sacrifices, though the laws of the land require them to do so. But here the members of the church may commit all the crimes to which the devil can tempt them; they may commit every day, in the face both of heaven and earth, the sum of all villanies, and be recognised as worthy members of Christ. The pagans, poor creatures, cannot buy an indulgence; the slaveholders can. Idolatry is not so profitable as the sum of all villanies.

'They recommend their slaveholding members,' says Mr Trafton, 'to teach their slaves to read the Scriptures, provided they do it *prudently*, and to allow coloured men to preach, *where the usages of the State allow it.*' So, the law of the land is their rule, and the usages of the State their example. They must never be better than the laws and customs of the world. So shameless an acknowledgment of subjection to a wicked and ungodly world, I never heard before. They have only to go one step further, and disavow all intention to *reform* the world, and then their degeneracy is complete and hopeless. This step they take. Mr. Trafton tells us that they do not meddle with politics. In other words, they do not attempt to reform the world. They will neither be better than the world, nor make the world any better than it is. A strange association this, to call itself the church of the living God!

'It is better to stay in the church,' Mr. Trafton says, 'and try to get the evil out, than to leave it.' We answer, what use is the church, if it is no better than the world? Why keep up the distinction between the church and the world, if the two are one? According to Mr. Trafton, the world is as good as the church, and a great deal stronger.

Mr. Trafton says they lift up their voices East and West against slaveholding. Of the last I say nothing. I live in the West. I hear not their voice there. I have heard all the Methodist preachers who came into my neighbourhood, but I have never heard one of them speak against Slavery. There has been a large Convention at Cincinnati lately, a Convention based on Christian principles too, which Methodists could attend without danger of being charged with infidelity; yet I am greatly mistaken, if there were many Methodist preachers' voices heard there. But what is the use of the voice, if the conduct contradict it?

Mr. Trafton said he had suffered more for his opposition to Slavery, than any one on this platform. We ask, from whom? Not from us. Not from the world. Whence then? He surely has not been persecuted by an Anti-Slavery church. His own community cannot have persecuted him, for that, he says, is Anti-Slavery. He has hazarded his life, he says, in his opposition to Slavery. Who, then, threatened his life? I imagine, if Mr. Trafton were to explain himself, he would have to speak as follows: 'Our churches are very Anti-Slavery; but they do not like Anti-Slavery members and ministers. They like to do all the Anti-Slavery work quietly, themselves, so that no one may know; and they persecute men unto death if they attempt to take part in the good work.'

'Year after year,' says Mr Trafton, 'we pass resolutions, and send them forth against Slavery.' Yes, but they do something more than pass resolutions when their members refuse to pay their weekly and quarterly subscription. They turn men out when they practice economy, and keep them in when they practice the sum of all villanies.

But Mr. Trafton says they will abolish Slavery, if we will let them alone. What does he *mean*? Does he mean to say that the Anti-Slavery Society tries to hinder his church from ab

souls might injure the reputation of the church. The church has no more objection to the *doings* of Hope H. Slaughter than to the doings of Henry Clay; but it is unwilling to share his *reputation*. It would be as glad to share his gains, as the gains of those who sell to him their children, if it could share them without bringing on itself fresh reproach: for even the church which acknowledges that it fellowships men who practice daily and openly the sum of all villanies, fancies that it has still some little reputation to lose.

But I must draw to a close. The exhibition I have witnessed this day I can never forget. Never before did I see in any man, not even in a priest, such shamelessness, such recklessness of truth, such an utter heartlessness, as Mr. Trafton exhibited this afternoon on this platform. I cannot describe the feelings which rose within me, while I listened to his infamous speech, and marked the demoniac leer and the insolent affectation of a smile while he delivered it. One thing I felt, and others must have felt it too, that it was not the first time that that man had lied for his church and priesthood, nor the first time that he had pleaded the cause of the slaveholder under pretence of hatred to Slavery.

RESOLUTIONS.

5. Resolved, That the New England Anti-Slavery Convention, in view of the insidious and strenuous efforts now making in the various States, and through the General Government, to give fresh sustenance and sanction to the wicked and cruel scheme of African Colonisation, would again record its testimony against the American Colonisation Society and its auxiliaries, as animated by an unrelenting spirit of persecution—as promulgating doctrines and sentiments equally detestable and unchristian—as Janus-faced in its professions and aims—as stimulating to fresh outrages upon the free people of colour—as guarding and nourishing the entire system of Slavery—as exporting to Africa materials, for her civilization and conversion, which they aver to be intolerable nuisances, and dangerous and pestilential, on our own shores—and as aiming a deadly thrust at Christianity, by declaring that it has no power to abolish the unnatural spirit of caste which is equally the disgrace and the curse of our country.

6. Resolved, That it is still sacredly imposed upon us, by a scrupulous regard for the truth, by strict fidelity to the cause of the perishing slave, by all the aspirations and claims of oppressed humanity universally, to declare that the American Church is the mighty bulwark of American Slavery—the haughty, corrupt, implacable, and impious foe of the Anti-Slavery movements, whether in its mildest or most radical aspect—the defender and sanctifier of colossal wrong and transcendent impiety—and, consequently, that its pretensions to Christianity are the boldest effrontery and the vilest imposture.

7. Resolved, That by the term 'American Church,' we do not mean every local association styling itself a church, but the overwhelming body of religious professors embraced in the Catholic, Episcopal, Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist, Methodist, Unitarian, Universalist, and other denominations, in all parts of the United States.

8. Resolved, That, such being the character and position of that Church, it follows that the American clergy are not less corrupt, degenerate and ungodly—'blind leaders of the blind'—'dumb dogs that cannot bark, sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber; yea, they are greedy dogs which can never have enough, and they are shepherds that cannot understand; they all look to their own way, every one for his gain from his quarter'—A BROTHERHOOD OF THIEVES, whose guilt is awfully enhanced by having 'stolen the livery of the court of heaven to serve the devil in.'

9. Resolved, That to the outcry raised against us, that we are sweeping and indiscriminating in our accusations, and so manifest an uncharitable and an unchristian spirit, we reply that this charge is no more true of us than it was of the prophets, whose language, in dealing with a far less guilty nation than our own, was—'None calleth for justice, nor any pleadeth for truth; their hands are defiled with blood, their lips have spoken lies, their feet run to evil, they make haste to shed innocent blood, and he that departeth from evil maketh himself a prey; the whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint; they all lie in wait, they set a trap, they catch men; for both prophet and priest are profane; yea, in my house have I found their wickedness, saith the Lord; they build up Zion with blood, and Jerusalem with iniquity; I have seen also in the prophets of Jerusalem an horrible thing—they commit adultery, and walk in lies—they strengthen also the hand of evil-doers, that none doth return from his wickedness—they are all of them unto me as Sodom, and the inhabitants thereof as Gomorrah—there is no truth, nor mercy, nor knowledge of God in the land—by swearing, and stealing, and committing adultery, they break out, and blood toucheth blood.'

10. Resolved, That exceptions do not affect the general rule; neither are they who constitute them sensitive, lest they shall be overlooked, or implicated in the common guilt; for they are known by the unpopularity of their cause, by their unsparing rebukes of popular wickedness, by the exhibition of an uncompromising spirit, by bringing the very accusations which are pronounced by the consciously guilty to be sweepingly unjust!—therefore,

11. Resolved, That when one man is found hotly protesting against the indiscriminate language of the Abolitionists, and bitterly complaining that they do not make the proper exceptions, it is *prima facie* evidence either of the obtuseness of his understanding, or the impenitence of his heart—either that he is under the influence of that 'fear of man which bringeth a snare,' or is affected with a sickly charity—either that he is pro-slavery in spirit or position, or has yet to 'remember those in bonds as being bound with them.

12. Resolved, That the Abolitionists have experimentally realized the truthfulness of the words of Jesus—'If they have called the master of the house Beelzebub, how much more shall they call them of his household?'—that, in being charged with infidelity and treason, by a blood-stained priesthood and by self-seeking demagogues, it is merely a renewal of the old Satanic device by which Jesus was declared to be a blasphemer, possessed of a devil, and guilty of sedition, and his apostles to be pestilent and seditious fellows, who were seeking to turn the world upside down; and that such charges, from such sources, are the brightest evidences of a blameless life, an enlightened zeal for the truth, a sincere abhorrence of injustice, and a paramount desire to extend and establish the kingdom of peace and righteousness; therefore,

13. Resolved, That, instead of allowing themselves to be diverted from the direct prosecution of their glorious enterprise, by attempting to show that they are not what they are maliciously described to be, it is for Abolitionists to arraign as 'sinners of the first rank' all those who maintain that slaveholding is not a *malum in se*, or are guilty of aiding in its support.

Whereas, the people of this country are not governed by their statutes, constitutions or office-holders, but by the public sentiment of the community; therefore,

14. Resolved, That the only work which the Abolitionists have to perform, in order to accomplish their object, is to enlighten the understandings and purify the hearts of the masses.

15. Resolved, That on the most reliable authority we know that, with the full knowledge of our Government, there exists all along our South-Western border the same system of plunder and unprovoked aggression, of brutal outrage and inroad, as that which prepared the way for Texan annexation, and it is our confident belief that, unless almost superhuman efforts are made to the contrary, within seven years or less, the whole of Mexico will be overrun and annexed to the Union, only as a pathway, however, to the still further conquest of the cotton lands of South America bordering on the Gulf of Mexico; and we warn our fellow citizens of this gigantic scheme of plunder and conquest, which includes the subjugation of Hayti and the possession of Cuba, for the renewed invasion of which fresh plans are even now on foot, with the knowledge of our Government, in our Southern cities. Of this deep-laid and most momentous scheme we warn the North—a scheme relying for its execution on the restless banditti of the Mississippi valley, but fomented by the insatiable need and greed of the Slave Power, and designed to bribe the merchants by the prospect of quickened and most lucrative commerce; to buy the acquiescence of the manufacturing States by the gift of ten millions of new customers enclosed within the circle of our tariff system, and giving to the Slave Power an overwhelming increase of weight in the machinery of government, and we summon whatever is left in the nation of love of liberty, regard for national honour, or hope of the final triumph of equal justice and republican institutions, to rally for one last and momentous struggle with the giant Despotism of our land.

Whereas, this Convention has listened to the reading of a letter, published in the Glasgow *Christian Examiner*, of April 24th, 1852, from the Rev. Asa Mahan, late President of the Oberlin College in the State of Ohio, to the Rev. William Scott, of Glasgow; and whereas, in the letter aforesaid, the author declares of the American Anti-Slavery Society, that 'it is not, properly speaking, an Anti-Slavery Society, but an infidel, no-human-government movement, using the Anti-Slavery sentiment as a club with which to strike down the Church and the State, and mainly the former'—that it is an association 'which, masking itself as an Anti-Slavery Society, is in fact aiming to prostrate Christianity itself'—that 'the progress of this Society is, in fact, an enlargement of the dead sea of infidelity'—that 'its public lecturers, agents and file leaders, hate Christianity and the Church far more than they do Slavery, who use their Anti-Slavery platform as a battery with which to assault the Bible and the character of a church, for no other reason than that it is a church and its members Christians'—that it is 'a Society which employs men knowing them to be guilty of such blasphemous outrages upon all that is sacred in religion and the religious sentiment in man—which is not what it professes to be, but is, in its fundamental tendencies and aims, an anti-church and an anti-Christian Society'—with many other similar allegations; therefore,

16. Resolved, That this Convention solemnly declares to the people of England and Scotland, that the Rev. Asa Mahan, in thus characterizing the American Anti-Slavery Society, is guilty of the vilest misrepresentation, in covertly circulating charges which we verily believe he knows to be false, which we defy him to prove, which find no credence in this country except among the enemies of the Anti-Slavery cause, which even the candid and enlightened among them repudiate with contempt, and which the corrupt sects, leagued with Slavery, have, for twenty years, used as a stalking-horse to divert public attention from their guilty complicity with the traffickers in human flesh.

17. Resolved, That we appeal to the history of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and its action, from the time of its origin to the present hour, in proof that its 'infidelity' consists in this—in maintaining against the priesthood of the land, that the Bible is an Anti-Slavery volume; that the church of Jesus Christ gives no sanction to slaveholders, and admits no slaveholder to its communion; and that they, who, occupying the pulpit, are dumb in the presence of this 'sum of all villanies,' or palliate its continuance, are not the ministers of Jesus Christ.

18. Resolved, secondly, That the 'no-governmentism' of the American Anti-Slavery Society consists in this—that while the Constitution and the laws of the nation command its citizens to protect, by physical force, the slaveholder against his slave, and to aid him in hunting the fugitive who has escaped from his plantation, and gives to the masters additional political power in proportion to the number of their slaves, it maintains that no Christian, no Abolitionist, can consistently take an oath to support such Constitution and such laws, but is bound, in utter disregard of their requirements and penalties, to hide the outcast, and obey God rather than man.

19. Resolved, That 'the head and front of our offending,' as pertaining both to Christianity and Government, 'hath this extent—no more.'

20. Resolved, That this attack of Mr. Mahan is all the more dastardly, from the consideration that, while present in meetings of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and engaged in discussions with its Agents, and even its President, William Lloyd Garrison, in regard to its principles and measures, he has never dared to impeach its Christian character, or to allude to its alleged infidel design and tendency.

21. Resolved, That in reiterating, especially in a foreign land, the charge as to Mr. Parker Pillsbury, in regard to the baptism of certain dogs, which has been so repeatedly and publicly contradicted and disproved, in papers which cannot but have come under his notice, Mr. Mahan has been guilty of the most wanton and malicious libel; one which should deprive every other statement he can make on any subject of all title to be believed.

22. Resolved, That in further proof how inaccurate and utterly unreliable are all Mr. Mahan's statements, we instance his representation, that Henry C. Wright is an Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, therefore, is to be held responsible for his peculiar opinions on government and religion; whereas, it has always been a matter of public notoriety, that Mr. Wright's delicate sense of personal independence has ever led him to labour in the field of philanthropy, on his own responsibility, without aid or credentials from any organization whatever; and while, as Abolitionists, it would be impertinent for us either to gainsay or endorse his views on any other object than Slavery, we gladly avail ourselves of this opportunity, as an act of simple justice, to declare, that of all the slave's advocates, on either side of the Atlantic, no one has been more true, single-eyed, disinterested, laborious, uncompromising or fearless than Henry C. Wright.

23. Resolved, That in the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, during the last twelve years, the American Anti-Slavery Society has found a subtle, malignant and sleepless enemy, particularly in the person of its Secretary—no pains having been spared, no opportunity left unimproved, to excite the most virulent religious prejudices in England against its leading advocates, and to prevent all benevolent co-operation with it on the part of the sympathizing friends of downtrodden humanity on the other side of the Atlantic.

24. Resolved, That an official copy of these resolutions, signed by the President and Secretaries of this Convention, be forwarded to the Editor of the Glasgow *Christian Examiner*, with a respectful request for their prompt publication, as an act of justice, in the columns of that paper.

25. Resolved, That in the death of OLIVER DENNETT, of Portland, since the last annual meeting of this Convention, the cause of the slave has lost an early, devoted, unflinching friend and advocate—the hunted fugitive, one who was ever ready to extend shelter and protection to him—the New England Anti-Slavery Convention, one ever prompt to cheer it by his presence, and aid it by his means; and to her whom he has left behind him, the active participant in his Anti-Slavery efforts, we offer our heart-felt sympathy, in view of her bereavement and our own.

JAMES P. SNOWDEN.

GOV. HUNT has explained his share in the escape of James P. Snowden from the Southern Prison-house by being pardoned out of the State Prison at Sing Sing. That the Governor should have made a mistake, seems very natural; and if he had made it on purpose, it would have been very commendable also. We are bound, however, to believe—as we are not at liberty to doubt the Governor's statement—that the facts are precisely as he gives them, and that had he known that in pardoning Snowden he was giving the fugitive slave, Nicholas Dudley, a chance to escape from a worse imprisonment than he was suffering in the State's Prison, the pardon would not have been granted. It is a fact which, perhaps, the Muse of History may think it worth while to make a note of—that the Governor of New York, at this time, feels called upon to defend himself against a suspicion of humanity.

The escape of Snowden was certainly very adroitly managed by somebody. The Deputy Marshals, Tallmadge and D'Angelis, with the claimant, Thomas, entered the prison, according to the statement of Thomas, but a few hours after Snowden left it. As we were not present at the time, we cannot state from personal observation that both parties were within the walls at the same moment, and that when one party entered at one gate, the other walked out at another. We are sure of this, however—that the man was legally pardoned, and duly released, when the pardon came, as all prisoners are; and the distinguished son of his distinguished father, Mr. Deputy Marshal Tallmadge, was received with all due decorum and respect, which, we hope, solaced him somewhat under the severe disappointment of being balked of another trip South in the honourable calling of a slave-catcher.

The Governor, it will be observed, says that Snowden was sentenced for a larceny that never occurred. Some of our readers may have forgotten the facts of his case. He was a hand on board the schooner Washington, Capt. Rowland, about two years ago, and on being confined by the captain, who told him that he was going to Virginia, he—Snowden—escaped in the schooner's boat, and landed on a wharf near by, where he made her fast and left her. He was arrested on a charge of stealing the boat and $60 in money. On the trial, the facts in relation to the conduct of the captain came out, but not a particle of evidence appeared that the money had been taken. The prisoner pleaded guilty to the charge of larceny, by advice of his counsel, Mr. Jay, that he might evade the warrant which awaited him as a fugitive slave. The counsel for the claimant endeavoured, by a writ of *habeas corpus*, to secure possession of the prisoner on the expiration of his sentence, but this also was defeated by Mr. Jay, and he was sent to Sing Sing for two years. The result we see. He voluntarily served two years of bondage that he might escape from it for the rest of his life.

Gov. Hunt's letter is as follows:

ALBANY, May 22, 1852.

DEAR SIR—I reply with pleasure to your inquiry, in relation to the pardon of James P. Snowden, a coloured convict

The newspaper statements to which you refer are erroneous in several important particulars. An application was made to me a few days before his term expired, to pardon him, on the ground of his innocence.

It was clearly established, by the proofs presented to me, that he had been convicted of a crime which he never committed. He was sent to the State prison for a larceny which never occurred. Under these circumstances, I considered his imprisonment a clear violation of law.

I granted the pardon, therefore, not as a favour, but as a right. It was an exercise of justice, and not of mercy. In my action upon this, as upon all similar applications, I intended to be governed by the intrinsic merits of the case. It was not known to me that he was a fugitive slave.

At the time of granting the pardon, I had no knowledge or suspicion that Snowden was the same person referred to in the letter addressed to me by Dr. Allen Thomas, of Maryland. Indeed, it did not occur to my mind that I had received such a letter, until my attention was subsequently called to the fact. This inadvertance will not surprise you, who know something of the immense pressure upon the executive for pardons, and of the hundreds of applications constantly pending before me.

On referring to the letter of Dr. Thomas, I find that it contains no expression or intimation of a design to pursue and reclaim Snowden as a fugitive slave. It was not for me to assume that his inquiry was made with any such intention. It is the first instance that has come to my knowledge where a distant owner has attempted to regain possession of a slave who had been convicted of felony.

When it has been satisfactorily shown that an innocent man is confined in the State prison, I have never stopped to inquire whether he is black or white, bond or free. To detain him longer would be a flagrant subversion of law and justice.

To you, who know me, I know that no assurance is needed to satisfy you that I am incapable of exercising my office with a view to defeat the execution of the Fugitive Slave law, or any other law. My explicit avowals in favour of the constitutional compromises, and against further sectional collisions, are before the public. Of my liability to err in the exercise of the pardoning power, none can be so fully conscious as myself.

When I consider the labour and embarrassment which are inseparable from the discharge of this responsibility in a large State like ours, it does not surprise me that erroneous inferences should be adopted, in some cases, by persons having imperfect knowledge of the facts governing my action. But I have learned to regard unjust censures and injurious comments with that calm composure and unconcern which spring from conscious rectitude of purpose.

I remain, with great regard, yours truly,

WASHINGTON HUNT.

To the Hon. EDWIN D. MORGAN, Senator.

WHAT IT COSTS.

FIELD-SPORTS have always been an expensive luxury, and it was not to be expected that, when the game is man, and the dogs creatures in man's image, the general rule would find an exception. That the hunting of fugitives is found to be a heavy outlay for Government, is, however, the least important aspect of the question. Where the cost is so great in men, and in manhood, the waste of dollars is really a trifling matter; but then, as the United States Government exists, not for the sake of man, but for the sake of the dollar, it is a satisfaction to know that in sacrificing the object at which all government should aim, it fails also in its illegitimate purpose. No mere payment out of the public Treasury, for which no man feels that he is the poorer, will ever make the people Anti-Slavery, but every item swells an account, and this is one that will help make a balance on the right side.

In a debate, a few days since, in the U. S. Senate, an amendment was, by Mr. Hunter, offered to the Appropriation Bill

"For defraying the expenses of the Supreme, Circuit, and District Courts of the United States, including the District of Columbia; and also for jurors and witnesses, and for aid of the funds arising from fines, forfeitures, and expenses incurred during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1852, and previous years; and likewise for defraying the expenses of suits in which the United States are concerned, and prosecutions for offences committed against the United States, and for the apprehension and safe-keeping of prisoners, in addition to former appropriations, ninety thousand dollars."

Mr. Hale asked for some explanation as to why this large amount was wanted, and Mr. Hunter replied by reading a letter from the First Comptroller to the Secretary of the Treasury, in which he gives, among other reasons, for the necessity of the additional appropriation, that,

During the present fiscal year, the expenses have been very much increased, probably thirty or forty thousand dollars, by prosecutions growing out of the fugitive slave law in Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania, and prosecutions in New York and Louisiana for violations of the neutrality laws; many of the bills for these extraordinary expenses have not yet come in. There will probably be needed from this time until the 30th of June, including these extraordinary expenses, about $110,000; and if so, there will be a deficit of about $90,000.

But this did not exactly satisfy Mr. Hale. He said:

Mr. President, that is not exactly what I wanted to find out. The letter does not give the information, and I understand the honourable chairman of the Committee on Finance is unable to give it, either. What I wanted to know, if I could, is, how much of that ninety thousand dollars is wanted for the administration of the darling object of the great measures of Compromise, the fugitive slave law. I understand that this deficiency arises from the fact that it has cost so much more than it was expected to enforce the fugitive slave law in Massachusetts and the neutrality laws in Louisiana. How much is to be charged to the turbulence of Louisiana or the fanaticism of Massachusetts, does not exactly appear; but being the two extremes, they are lumped together, and they want so much for enforcing the neutrality laws in Louisiana and New York, and the fanatical laws in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania. I shall vote against them both; and before any member of the Senate votes, I wish that he could read a very satisfactory report that has been made upon the judicial expenses by the Committee on the Judiciary in the House of Representatives at the present session, embodying, as it it does, a report from this very Second Comptroller of the Treasury, who, I believe, is one of the most vigilant and faithful officers that we have had at the head of that or any other department of the government, and there you will see the very manner in which your judicial expenses have increased beyond all precedent. I understand, as well as the "noise and confusion" will let me—and I do not use that expression in any offensive sense—I understand that the Comptroller suggests that if these bills could be properly audited, and improper accounts stricken out, there would be at least $50,000 out of the $90,000 saved.

Some debate thereupon ensued, which we copy as it is reported in the Washington *Union*:

MR. HUNTER. The Senator from New Hampshire [Mr. Hale] is mistaken in supposing that the Comptroller suggest that these are the only true causes for this deficiency. The deficiency arose out of the expenditures for the services of the judiciary, and he suggests that but for his refusal to make this allowance, the deficiency would have been $150,000; but he has cut it down to $90,000.

MR. HALE. Well, sir, I have a little information on this matter, too; and I can tell you, in part, how these deficiencies have been incurred—in enforcing the fugitive slave law. When the marshal has had to enforce it in Boston, he has had to employ an extra number of officers to carry it into execution—a very considerable number. Well, sir, these officers have had to have compensation; but not satisfied with that, they have been employed in the double capacity of officers and witnesses; and the returns will show that this deficiency in a great measure has arisen from administering the fugitive slave law in this way, going out into the highways and byways and picking up such persons as were willing to be made officers of to enforce the law, and then employing them as witnesses, giving them additional compensation over and above their *per diem* as officers. The returns in the Comptroller's office will show that such is the fact.

There is another thing. I have just received this report since I have been here; and if the Senate will indulge me a minute, I will show them how these expenses have grown up. I find by this report that, take, for instance, the district of Massachusetts, the expenses of the courts, exclusive of the salaries of the judges and of the district attorneys, and the advances to the marshals, are as follows: The expenses in 1831—twenty years ago—were $11,000; in 1832 the expenses were $9,000; then to come down to 1840, the expenses had increased to $18,000; in 1845 they had increased to $30,000; and in 1851 they had grown up to $92,000 a year. That is the way they have increased; and the Comptroller tells you that they have increased beyond all sort of proportion, whether as compared to the population or the business of the country. And he also suggests——

MR. HUNTER. If the honourable Senator will allow me, I will say that I did not inform him with precise accuracy as to the amount of deficiencies arising out of the prosecutions under the fugitive slave law in New York and Pennsylvania, and the prosecutions in Louisiana and New York in consequence of the violation of the neutrality laws. The Comptroller says that during the present fiscal year the expenses have been very much increased, probably from $30,000 to $40,000, by prosecutions growing out of the fugitive slave law in New York and Pennsylvania, and prosecutions in New York and Louisiana growing out of the violation of the neutrality laws. The two together amount to some $30,000 or $40,000.

MR. HALE. Well, sir, that does not account for the rest of the deficiencies. I had made up my mind about a week ago—no, it was not a week ago; it was when we had the Nautical Almanac up—I had then made up my mind, after the vote of the Senate upon that subject, that I would never afterwards attempt to correct any abuse upon the Treasury of the United States; and perhaps it would have been wiser if I had adhered to that determination. But I thought that if the Senate would read this report of the present session of the House of Representatives, and the very able and searching letter of Mr. Whittlesey to the Secretary of the Interior upon the subject of the way in which this money has been expended, and the way the expenses of the judiciary have increased in Massachusetts from 11,000 a year in 1831 to ninety-odd thousand dollars a year in 1851, they would be very slow in voting any further sum until they had a searching investigation of these abuses.

The Senate, however, concluded to foot the bill without further investigation, and the amendment was adopted.

GARRISON AND PHILLIPS AT SYCACUSE.—Rev. S. J. May, in a letter from Syracuse, thus refers to the visit of Messrs. Garrison and Phillips to that city:

"We Syracusans relinquished our claim to the Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, this year, in favour of Rochester, on condition that Mr. Garrison should address our fellow-citizens on his way out, and Mr Phillips on his way back. Each of these gentlemen fulfilled his part of the condition in a manner most acceptable to us, and the people of this city.

"Mr. Garrison lectured on the evening of the 9th; Wendell Phillips on the evening of the 16th. From all sides there have come to my ear frequent expressions of deep satisfaction in the expositions they gave of Anti-Slavery doctrine and Anti-Slavery duties.

"Yours, &c. S. J. M."

NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.—We are indebted to Rev. Samuel May, Jr., one of the Secretaries of the New England Anti-Slavery Convention, for proof slips from the *Liberator* office of the report of that meeting. We are enabled thus to lay it before our readers this week. Its length compels us to lay aside, till our next issue, other matter already in type.

Domestic Correspondence.

FROM OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

NO. CIV.

THE ARGUMENT.—*The Correspondent hopeth he don't intrude—The New England Convention—Its goodness—Its elements—The silver circle—Power of Five Cents—The price of patriotism—Success of the experiment—Clergymen present—Inferences—The Methodist Conference and Rev. Mark Trafton—He defendeth the Church, and how—His flight—Mr. Foster comforteth and confuteth him—Lies nailed to counter—Mr. Pillsbury's carpet-bag—President Mahan and his Champion—His character for truth and veracity at Oberlin—His Ethical Defence of Lying—His consistency vindicated—The new Nomenclature—The Oberlin Professor and his house—How it was built—Investment of two women in an Oberlin professor's house—Speeches of Messrs. Phillips and Parker—Mr. Joseph Barker—His presence welcomed and hoped for again, &c., &c., &c.*

BOSTON, May 31, 1852.

As I wrote to you only last week, perhaps I should apologize for sending you another letter so soon; but I thought you and your readers might like to hear some little account of the New England Convention, while it is fresh in my mind. Not but what it would keep well enough; but even the most sempiternal things are none the worse for being had with the gloss on; so I will, for once, break through my semi-monthly rule—especially as you can have the privilege of putting it over to the next paper, if you think good.

In brief, then, we have had one of the very best Conventions we ever held here. The attendance was full and frequent, to an extent never exceeded, and the speaking was even unusually and variously good. The sessions were all held in the Melodeon, without the migratory transitions which we have had to make so often. It was observed that what may be called the permanent audience, or the Convention proper, was composed of fresh faces, of new men and women in a large measure, which showed that the work annually initiated by this body and carried on through the Hundred Conventions, has not been ill done, nor without its due fruit. Then there were the old familiar faces which are sure to shine on every Anti-Slavery assembly. And in the rear, and hanging on the outskirts of the main body, hovered the usual shifting and changing multitude, who came from the varied motives of a sneaking interest in the cause, a taste for good speaking, the wish to hear some new thing, or the simple hope of a row. Those who came for *rows*, however, were doomed to be disappointed; for we had interposed a barrier against the entrance of the mob-spirit which it could not pass. We described a circle, small but of potent efficacy, which confined the evil spirit outside of our limits. To descend to the comprehension of the vulgar, at the evening sessions (the only ones when we are in any danger of serious disturbance), we demanded an entrance fee of *five cents*, which proved quite sufficient for the purpose. Though there are many patriotic enough to save the Union *gratis*, there are not many that are willing to pay half a dime for the privilege. This protection we learnt at the meetings held in Syracuse and Rochester, and we shall not fail to continue to appeal to it. We were a little dubious how it would work; but it did work to a charm. The house was entirely full on all three evenings. Had those on the platform been distributed among the audience, there would not have been an unoccupied seat. And the proceeds (being almost a clear gain) could not have been much, if at all, short of a hundred dollars. So I think the public can reckon on quiet evening sessions, hereafter. If it be not worth five cents to hear Phillips and Garrison and Theodore Parker and Pillsbury speak, why people had better seek some other entertainment.

We had an unusually large number of clergymen of various denominations among the speakers, which, certainly went to contradict the charges of Mr. Lewis Tappan and Mr. Scoble and President Mahan, that we drive away all of the cloth from our infidel company. There they were, mostly evangelical ministers, giving Garrison the Right Hand of Fellowship, and expressing their sympathy with the American A. S. Society. These gentlemen were all received and listened to with the greatest respect and attention, which showed that it is their own fault and not ours if more do not make themselves heard from our platform. On the afternoon of the second day, we had a sufficient proof of our willingness to hear ministers of the class that usually object to us, and of their unwillingness to hear us. As the great Methodist Conference is in session in this city, of course, it suggested the manifold sins of that Denomination towards the slaves and their friends. These were therefore duly set before them and before all Israel and the Sun. On the afternoon specified, the Rev. Mark Trafton, one of that order and a member of the Conference, appeared in the Convention, attended by a reverend brother as bottle-holder, to defend the Church. This he did, in his fashion, at a great length. He had plenty of rope given him, and he verified the proverb by hanging himself at the end of it. The burden of his speech was the general Anti-Slavery character of the Methodist Church from the beginning, and especially of the Church North, since the Southern brethren kicked the Northern ones out of their company. I cannot go into all the particulars of his defence. But they were, mainly, 1, that the ex-catechrating (or kicking out) aforesaid, was on the side of the North, because the Northern Methodists were too good for the communion of Slaveholders; 2, that the Discipline of the Church North forbade its ministers to hold slaves; 3, that Bishop Andrew had been deposed from the Episcopate for slaveholding; 4, that the action of the Church North had been uniformly Anti-Slavery. And he concluded a speech full of insults to the people he was addressing, and slanders upon them, with a defence of the Methodist Convention for going to hear Mr. Webster, though he passed over their rising up and doing him reverence when he addressed them. After a speech of about two hours (we all thought he meant to consume the entire session, so as to leave no time for reply), he stopped—that is, he stopped speaking, but he stopped not running till he was safe and sound in Bromfield-street Church. He had refused to allow Mr. Foster to ask him any questions, saying (which was perfectly true) that he knew him "like a book," and as soon as that gentleman rose to reply, the Reverend defender, turning all manner of colours, fled before his face, amid the derisive laughter of the whole audience, pro-slavery as well as Anti-Slavery. As the Reporter of the *Herald* said, "a more ignominious flight was never seen."

Mr. Foster, after reminding his flying antagonist of the comforting distich,

"He that fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day!"

proceeded to demolish his speech, and before Mr. Trafton and his backer could have turned the corner, he had nailed half-a-dozen lies to the counter. As, that the Separation in the Methodist Church was owing to the Anti-Slavery zeal of the Northern part, instead of the pro-slavery zeal of the Southern portion; that, though *travelling* preachers were forbidden to hold slaves, *local* preachers (by far the larger portion) might hold as many as they like, while there is no prohibition at all as to church members; that Bishop Andrew never was deposed, but merely advised, for the sake of peace, not to exercise his episcopal functions, while he was left in full possession of them and of his salary; and as to the invariably Anti-Slavery action of the Methodist Church North, the way in which the pro-slavery resolutions of Conferences and Pastoral Letters poured forth from Mr. Pillsbury's carpet-bag, was (or should be) a Caution to all such offenders. All these refutations, too, were not based on the bare assertion of anybody, but read from Discipline and Records of Conferences. A more complete demolition of a man could not well be. But, nevertheless, he was demolished over again that evening by Mr. Joseph Barker, and the next evening by Mr. Pillsbury. It was an uncommonly rich occasion.

The next afternoon, a somewhat similar exposition, or exposure, was made of Oberlin and of President Mahan. This gentleman, now in England, having been amusing himself with rehashing, for English demand, the old lies about the infidelity of the Abolitionists, and especially about Messrs. Garrison, Pillsbury and Foster, the sense of the meeting was expressed in a suitable resolution. This brought out a champion of President Mahan, in a Rev. Mr. Foote, of Canada, a graduate of Oberlin. His defence was, that, at Oberlin, it was generally conceded that President Mahan laboured under an intellectual or moral infirmity which prevented him from knowing when he was telling the truth and when not; and that, indeed, his statements of fact were not, in his own vicinage, generally regarded as to be relied upon! This was the only defence of the learned President which his best friend could produce. And when Mr. Foster (or Pillsbury) stated that the President had written a treatise on Ethics, in which he had justified Lying, and Mr. Foote denied the position, the passage was quoted, which silenced his defender, and vindicated the consistency, at least, of his conduct, in England and Scotland. Indeed, we have been so much impressed with his doctrine and example that we have, some of us, resolved to amend our phraseology and to avoid henceforward the charge so frequently brought against us of "hard language." We intend never again to describe a wilful deviation from the truth as a *Lie*, but to employ the softer designation of a *Mahan!*

During the same discussion, the same Mr. Foote was equally unfortunate in his chivalrous attempt to defend an Oberlin professor, as he had been in the case of its President. It was affirmed, on the authority of Miss Lucy Stone, that a professor there (Hudson by name, I think) lived in a house built with the proceeds of the sale of two women given to his wife by her affectionate father. This story Mr. Foote denied of his own knowledge, saying that the professor in question lived in a house which he had built, in part, with his own hands, and in part by the assistance of a friendly society, there. This brought up Miss Stone, who soon put him down with a very plain tale. It was true, she said, that this professor had once lived in a house built as described; but that, having married the daughter of a rich slaveholder, he desiderated a better, not one not built with hands, but one built with the money produced by the sale of two women given by her sainted sire to his help-mate. So Oberlin was put in not much better a category than the Methodist Church. Of a surety, the religious Abolitionists of the British Islands have been *hoaxsed* out of much hard cash, on very false pretences, or, at least, by "*Mahans!*"

Mr. Phillips made extraordinarily fine orations on the first and last evenings, and Mr. Theodore Parker on the second. Unfortunately our usual Reporter was employed by the Methodist Conference; so that I fear Mr. Phillips' speeches will be lost; though they were every whit as well worth preserving as those of last winter, which were so much admired. Mr. Parker, speech, I trust, he will be able to furnish, as he seemed to have copious notes of it. The presence of Mr. Joseph Barker, so well known as the friend and benefactor of the poor man, in the mass and in the individual, in England, by his successful efforts to furnish him with cheap mental food, gave great additional interest to the Meeting. His speeches were all clear, logical, forcible and well put. He will be a great acquisition to our scanty forces. Only he must not be permitted to bury his talent in the soil of an Ohio farm. He is at this moment, as Sir Egerton Bridges used to sign himself as Lord Chandos de Sudeley, "*per legem terræ*," M. P. for Bolton. *How*, I would tell you, if I had space. Perhaps I will another time. However, M. P. or not we had great help and satisfaction from his presence, and hope it will often be renewed unto us. D. Y.

LETTER FROM DAVID WAIT.

COPENHAGEN, Lewis Co., N. Y.

DEAR FRIEND: Thou will find enclosed two dollars for the *Standard*. I think I shall continue to take the *Standard* until its object is accomplished! A word for the paper.

1. I am sorry that the Anti-Slavery Convention could not have been held in the Sixth month, as then the farming community could attend it. Coming in the midst of our Spring's work, it deprives us of any possible means of attending it. For we that would live or thrive by tilling the earth, must attend to that in its season. We hope that all future conventions will be held at such time as will best accomodate those in the vicinity of the meeting.

2. The divided state of the Nation in regard to the Compromise measures is the sure result of all wrong-doing in high places; but they that are in some things opposed to the peace measures of 1850 will be easily kicked into the traces for some time yet. We must have a Union man for President; he must have a Southern soul; he must be sound on the Slavery question; he must, if necessary for the benefit of slaveholders, shed the choicest blood in the nation.

3. There may be some little sprinkle of Anti-Slavery or Free Soil in the Senate, and in the House of Representatives; but the great body of our national representatives will be good pro-slavery men, until there is a North as well as a South.

4. Will there ever be a North? We look for it; we see some evidence of it; and as soon as the truth and the pure principles of liberty prevail over the property principle in the North, then we shall have a North.

5. When that time comes that there will be a North, then we must lose the South, or the Union! But we do not look for such a thing yet a while. The North must lose a good deal of her treasure, and reputation, and bloodshed, before she will throw away her cotton, money and trade-politics for the principles of liberty and equal rights. The interests of the business men of the North and South are so united that they can chain down one-sixth of all the people, and turn the rest into watch-dogs, for some time yet.

6. We may agitate the North with Anti-Slavery truth; but it is like temperance truth; it may make some little progress. But we must remember that men are influenced by their business and money matters as much as they are by reform principles, or truth, or religion. If we could get the budget of Anti-Slavery truth into a whole Presidential campaign, and all Anti-Slavery men, and grades of Free Soil and Liberty Party men, could act in harmony to pull at one end of the rope of sand that binds us to the curse of Slavery, then the rope would soon be broken.

7. It will take some little time to get all of the Anti-Slavery men and parties harassed into one team, so that they can act in harmony to pull in any straight line. So let those that drive all these Anti-Slavery teams make a compromise with each other, so that they can pull one way. Then we can move the building that now stands on tyranny, falsehood and oppression, hold up against the agitation of truth by a rope of sand.

8. We want to see the Anti-Slavery strength organized, so that an action can be had that will show the strength of the principle in overturning these mighty wrongs of a pro-slavery government. Will all of the leaders of Anti-Slavery reform begin this part of the work, and do this up first? Then they can begin to move mountains; then a nation will be born in a day!

9. Unless we take up such union measures and become united, we may toil on for years and accomplish no more than we have in time past. It is evident that there is some Anti-Slavery growth in the country. But if all of our strength could be brought to bear against the 'sum of all villanies,' then we could see old party issues all lost, and then the Democrats and Whigs would come over to the policy of truth.

DAVID WAIT.

Fifth Month 23d, 1852.

A FREEMAN IN SLAVERY.—We have received a letter from JOHN REYNOLDS, Esq., of New Castle, respecting the whereabouts of Frank Jackson—the coloured man, taken from this section, and sold in Virginia as a slave, whose case is familiar to our readers. From information received by us when at Richmond, two months since, we supposed that Frank had been transported to New Orleans, but this appears not to have been the case. Mr. REYNOLDS informs us that he has received a letter from a gentleman in Virginia stating that Frank was taken from Richmond to the interior of the State, and again sold; and that E. R. PAGE, Esq., of Campbell county, where Frank and his present owner reside, has undertaken his case, and has brought suit against both his present and former owners, and that the matter will be tried in that county. It will be necessary that commissions issue to take testimony in Mercer and Lawrence counties; and Mr. R. has written to the parties, suggesting the names of proper persons to act as commissioners. It is to be hoped that the matter will be properly attended to, and that it

Miscellaneous Department.

THE STORY OF A FUGITIVE SLAVE.

[CONCLUDED.]

[From "Reminiscences of a visit to the United States, in 1850," published in the (Glasgow) *British Friend*.]

"After my being purchased by Owen Holmes," continued the fugitive slave, "I hired my time at 150 dollars a year, paid monthly. Having rented a house, I worked at loading and unloading vessels that came into Wilmington, and could earn from a dollar or more a day. While my wife and family were spared to bless my home by their presence and love, I was comparatively happy. But I found then that the agony of the terrible thought, 'I am a slave, my wife is a slave, my precious children are slaves,' grew bitter and insupportable, just as the happiness in the society of my wife became more distinct and abounding; and this one cup of bitterness was ever at my lips. Did I not drain that cup of bitter woe to its very dregs, when my family were carried off into returnless exile, and I was left lonely and heart broken? How can hearts of kind sympathy and tender pity be inactive, while thousands are drinking that portion of despair, every year, in a land of schools and of Bibles?

"After I parted from my family I continued to toil on, but not as I had done before. My home was darker than the holds of the ships in which I worked. Its light, the bright joyous light of love, and sympathy and mutual endearments, was quenched. Ah me! how dark it left my poor heart. It was colder than the winter wind and frost; the warm sunshine was snatched away, and my poor heart became frozen in the bitter cold. Its gloom was darker than prison or cave could make it. A home deserted by the objects of a husband's and a father's deep love! How, and why? Is not the answer an unqualified condemnation of the government and religion of America?"

It would occupy too much of your space to detail many of the interesting particulars which the fugitive related. Suffice it to say that, after a lapse of some years, he married a second wife, Mary R. Moore, who, after cheering his desolate home as much as their circumstances permitted, he was enabled to rescue from Slavery after his own escape.

"Mary is now my wife," he continued, "and is with me to-day, till death part us, secure from the iron hand of Slavery. Three or four dear children are with us too in New England. I cannot say they are in a *free* land, for even here, in the city of Boston, where the old cradle of liberty is kept, *my* precious children are excluded from the public schools because of their colour. Still, Boston is better than Wilmington, inasmuch as the rulers of this place permit me to send my children to any school at all.

"After my second marriage I hired my wife of her master, and paid for her time forty-eight dollars a year. We had one child while Mary was a slave. That child is still in chains. The fourth year, by the aid of a white friend, I purchased my wife for 350 dollars. We had determined to try and accomplish this, that our dear babes might be free. Besides, I felt that I could not bear another cruel separation from wife and children, the dread of which was strong and unceasing upon my mind. So we made a box, and, through a hole in the top, put every piece of money we could save from our hard earnings. This object nerved us for unceasing toil for about twenty months. What hopes and fears beset us as those months wore away. I have been compelled to dig a hole and hide that box in it, when I knew the patrollers were coming to search my cabin; for well did I know, if they found it, I should be penniless again. How often have I started and turned in sudden alarm as I have dropped a piece of money into it and heard its loud ring upon the coin below, lest some prowling enemy should hear the noise and steal from me my hoarded treasure. And how often have I started up in my dreaming slumbers, as the storm has beat aloud upon my humble home, with the cry of unspeakable agony in my heart, 'O God, they have taken my box, and my wife and babes are still slaves.'

"When the box was broken open to examine, I still lacked a little of the 350 dollars necessary to purchase my wife. The kind friend who had promised to aid me made up the deficiency, and I became the owner of my wife. We had three children at this time, and Oh! how my crushed heart was uplifted in its pride and joy as I took them in my arms and thought that they were not slaves. These three children are with me and their mother now, where the slave's chains and whips are heard no more. O! how sweet is freedom to man. But doubly dear is the consciousness to the father's heart, made bitter in its incurable woe by the degradation of Slavery, that his dear child is never to be a slave! Would to God the fathers of this nation of America were all possessed of a true consciousness of these things, for then, surely, they would will and secure the immediate ending of human bondage.

"After I had purchased my wife we still worked hard, and saved our earnings with great care to lay by something for future use. As I saved my earnings I got a white man, whom I thought my friend, to lay it out for me. In this way I became the owner of the cabin in which I lived, and two other small houses, all of which were held in the name of this supposed friend, for a slave cannot hold property. This man deceived me; and when I ran away from my chains, after sending on my family, I was compelled to sacrifice the whole of this property because I could not obtain it from him, and so I came off entirely destitute. Thank God, *I* got away, and now I have no tears to shed over the loss of my houses.

"During, the winter of 1848-9, a kind lady came and informed me some white men were plotting to enslave my wife and children again. She advised me to get them off to the free States as quickly and as secretly as possible. A lawyer of Wilmington told me they were not safe unless emancipated by a special act of the Legislature. He was a member of Congress, and endeavoured to get through the House a bill for their emancipation; but there was so much ill feeling upon this question that he failed in the attempt. The Legislature threw it aside at once. He then advised me to get them off to the free States, as my only course to save them. This I determined to do if possible. I kept a good look-out for a vessel, and having found one, made a bargain with the captain to take on board for New York a free coloured woman and her three children. A kind friend gave me a certificate of their freedom to the captain, and I brought my wife and children on board at night, paid the captain twenty-five dollars for their fare, and staid on the wharf in torturing fear till about sunrise, when I saw the vessel under way. It was soon out of sight. When I went home, I threw myself on my knees, and poured out my soul to God, to carry that ship and its precious cargo safely and swiftly on to a free haven, and to guard and guide me soon to a free home with my beloved family.

"I kept on, praying, working, hoping, pining, for nearly three weeks, when I received the happy intelligence that my dear ones were safe with a true-hearted friend in Brooklyn, whom I had notified previously of their coming; and now the good and glorious news arrived that they were safe where the slaveholder could trouble them no more. I had arranged with Mary, when she left, to follow myself as soon as I could obtain the money for my houses and land. She was to write to me as though she had gone to New York on a visit, intending to come back, and was to speak of New York as if she did not like it at all. I knew my master would be very angry when he heard she had gone unknown to him, and that he would demand to see the letters my wife should get her friends in New York to write to me for her; and so I made ready to meet and quiet his suspicions, while I was plotting my own escape. For more than three months I tried to get the money, or part of it, for my houses; but was put off and deceived till I found I must leave without a cent of the property I had tried so hard to accummulate. I was required to call and see my master every day, because he suspected me of a design to run away. He was taken suddenly ill; and then I started off towards my wife and children.

"I bargained with the steward of the brig 'Bell,' to stow me away in the hold of the ship, and take me to New York, paying him eight dollars, which was all the money I then had or could get. I went into the hold, with an allowance of biscuit and water, and the ship started. She was loaded with turpentine, and I found on the second day, that I could not live out the passage there. I told the steward, who took me out in a state of weakness, and stowed me away in one of the state-rooms. Here I was discovered by the captain, who charged me with being a runaway slave, and said he should send me back by the first opportunity that offered. That day a severe storm came on, and for several days we were driven about by the gale. I turned to, and cooked for the crew. The storm was followed by a calm; but when the wind sprung up again, the captain made for port at once.

"I had reason to suspect, from the manner in which I was guarded, after the ship came to anchor off New York, that the captain was plotting to send me back, and I resolved to peril my life in a last effort to get on shore. While the captain was in the city, and the mate was busy in the cabin mending his clothes, I made a raft of such loose barrels as I could get, and hastily bound them together, and, committing myself to God, I launched forth upon the waves. The shore was about a mile distant; I had the tide in my favour, and, with its help, I had paddled, perhaps, one fourth of the distance, when the mate of the 'Bell' discovered my escape, and made after me in the boat. I waved my old hat for help, and a boat, which seemed to be coming round, not far from me, came to my rescue. I was taken on board, asked if I was a slave, and told not to fear to tell the truth, for I was with friends, and they would protect me. I told them my circumstances just as they were, and they proved as good as their word. When the mate came up, they ordered him to keep off, telling him they would prosecute him if he did, telling him they would prosecute him if he off, telling him they would prosecute him if he touched me. They gave me a little money and some clothes in addition to all their other kindness.

"The meeting with my wife and children I cannot describe. It was a moment of joy too deep and holy for any attempt to paint it. Husbands who love as I have loved, and fathers with hearts of fond devoted affection, may *imagine* the scene, and my feelings, as my dear wife lay sobbing in her joy in my arms, and my three dear little babes were clinging to my knees, crying 'Pa has come—Pa has come.' It was the happy hour of my life. I felt then repaid for all my troubles and toils to secure the freedom of my family and my own. O God! would that my other dear ones were here too. In mercy speed the day when right shall over might prevail, and all the down trodden sons and daughters of toil and want shall be free, and pious, and happy.

"The Sabbath after my arrival in Brooklyn, I preached in the morning in the Bethel; and then came on to Hartford. I staid there only twenty-four hours; finding I was pursued, and being informed that I should be safer in Massachusetts than in Connecticut, I came on to Springfield, thence to Boston, where I arrived penniless and friendless. Though a stranger, a generous friend took me in, fed, and cheered me, and lent me five dollars to get my dear family to Boston, where we are now all residing.

"To-morrow," added the fugitive, in conclusion, "to-morrow is Thanksgiving-day. God alone will know the deep and fervent gratitude and joy with which I shall keep it, as I gather my friends and dear family around me to celebrate the unspeakable goodness of God to me, and to speak, with swelling heart, of the kindness of the dear friends who have poured upon our sadness and fears the sunlight of sympathy, love, and generous aid. That the blessings of heaven may rest now and forever upon them, is the prayer of myself and dear family, who, by their kindness, have been released from bonds, and saved from pinching want."

Though I have considerably compressed the Fugitive's narrative, it has extended far beyond my intention when I first put pen to paper. Thomas Jones probably now endures all the horrors of Slavery again, unless he has, happily, been enabled to elude the grasp of the men-hunters by a flight into Canada, whose soil, thank God, is yet unpolluted by Slavery. Since the passing of the Fugitive Slave Bill, which renders the capture of escaped slaves much less difficult than heretofore, great has been the influx of these unhappy people into the British American dominions, for the Negro is well aware that the moment he sets foot on British soil,

"That moment he is free."

FREE TRADE IN BOOKS.—LETTER FROM CARLYLE.

THE following letter was written by Carlyle, in reply to a circular inviting a meeting of book-wrights to convene at Chapman's publishing house, to agree upon such an expression of opinion "as may hasten the removal of the present trade restrictions on the commerce of literature." Dickens presided at the meeting:

CHELSEA, May 3, 1852.

"Sir: Unluckily I shall not be able to attend your meeting on Tuesday evening, but I can have no hesitation in testifying my concurrence with the object of it, which I understand, in brief, to be free trade in books, or the first step in a course leading straight towards that. Free trade in respect of books, and indeed of most other objects, is by no means the ultimatum one aspires to, or the perfect condition that will satisfy the world's want in the matter; very far from that in many cases; and the case in literature, farther than in any other whatsoever. But, surely, in all cases, and in that of literature too, free trade is better than trade unjustly crippled by monopolies which are merely blind and greedy; in present circumstances, free trade were a clear improvement; and moreover, in the critical disposition of the world, it is a first stage through which all faulty things must pass, and only beyond and after trial of which can any progress that will prove true and lasting be looked for.

"For the rest, I fear there are few branches of human industry—and most clearly literature is not one of them—in which the shopkeeper spirit (so we may call it for the sake of definition) will suffice to regulate 'production and distribution' according to the world's real want and interest; in regard to very many there is perpetually needed a generous merchant spirit (which it may be feared free trade and active competition will not much tend to develop among us); and in regard to some, there is needed a spirit higher than any kind of merchandise, and not looking to profit and loss for advice at all. Now certainly, beyond all other objects, literature in its higher forms belongs to this latter class; to these two latter classes it belongs in all forms of it that have any value to mankind; for the mere shopkeeper spirit, looking only to the visible vicinity, and sharpened into ever greater eagerness for immediate returns, is smitten with eternal incompetence in even the finance of literature, and can do no good whatever there that would not otherwise be done, and does immensities of mischief there which perhaps might otherwise remain undone.

"All this is true even of the finance of literature; and, alas! literature has many elements besides the financial, and far more important to it than the financial; in regard to all of which it would so gladly cease to be anarchic, and become well ordered and well-governed, if it only could. Truly, to consider how society at present stands related to literature may well fill the thinking man with astonishment, with anxiety, almost with terror. The duties of society towards literature in those new conditions of the world are becoming great, vital, inexpressibly intricate, little capable of being done or understood at present, but all-important to be understood and done, if society will continue to exist with it, and it along with society.

"From the highest business of spiritual culture and the most sacred interests of men, down to the lowest economic and ephemeral concerns where 'free press' rules supreme, society may see itself, with all its sovereignties and parliaments, depending on the thing it calls literature, and bound, under incalculable penalties, to very many duties in regard to that!—of which duties, I perceive, finance alone, and free trade alone, will by no means be found to be the same. But such considerations lie far beyond our present business, and must not be more than alluded to here.

"What alone concerns us here is to remark that the present system of book publishing discharges none of these duties, less and less makes even the appearance of discharging them; and indeed, as I believe, is, by the nature of the case, incapable of ever, in any perceptible degree, discharging any of them in the times that now are. A century ago, there was in the bookselling guild—if never any royalty of spirit, as how could such be looked for there?—yet a spirit of solid merchanthood, which had its value in regard to the prosaic facts of literature, and is ever to be thankfully remembered there. Of this solid merchant spirit, if we take the victualling and furnishing of such an enterprise as Samuel Johnson's English Dictionary for its English feat (as, perhaps, we justly may,) and many a 'Memoires,' 'Encyclopedia Britannica,' &c., in this country and in others for its lower, we must gratefully admit the real usefulness, respectability, and merit to the world.

"But in later times, owing to many causes which spirit has long been diminishing, and has now as good as disappeared, without hope of resuscitation in that quarter. The spirit of the book-trade, it is mournfully evident, is that of modern trade generally, no better and no worse—a hand-to-mouth spirit, incable of ever again paying for even a Johnson's Dictionary; not what I can call a merchant spirit, but (on the great or on the small scale) a shopkeeper one. Such is the melancholy fact, so far as my experience and observation have taught me to form an opinion. If my vote is inquired of in the matter, I grieve to say, and am not conscious of either anger or of favour in saying, it is authentically this which leads me—and, indeed, has long since led me—to infer that the publishing guild, taking large wages for doing indispensable work, and quite omitting to do it, is in no safe or lasting position before the public, and will prove incapable of standing, unless it can escape being inquired into.

"If the public itself (as I by no means believe, or ever believed), is adequate, by free trade or otherwise, to remunerate literature, the public ought to have at least a chance of trying to do it. The present system, by which above one-half of the selling price of a book ('from 55 to 65 per cent., including advertisements') is paid over to a man or set of men, not who write it or print it, or bind it, or make paper for it, but who show it across the counter and draw in the money, remained to all who look at it in this point of view, one of the most astonishing ever seen in human commerce, and seems to me, in these days, destined to speedy abrogation when once the public has got eye on it.

"My own interest in the business, I confess, is not of a lively nature; nor are my hopes for the world, from such a revolution, what they once might have been; but such is, and has long been, my view of the case now come in hand. No duty being done to literature but a shopkeeping one, let us have at least the eligible kind of shopkeeping—your 55 per cent. reduced gradually (as we find it in America just now) to 15 or to 10, with books about half the price the now bear, and with 20 times, or 40 times, as many readers to them as now—after that, we shall see.

"In haste, I remain, sir, yours very truly,

(Signed) "T. CARLYLE.

"John Chapman, Esq., publisher, 142 Strand."

LORD JEFFREY AND CHARLES DICKENS.

[From a Review of 'Lord Cockburn's Life of Lord Jeffrey,' in the *Literary World*.]

THE most interesting letters in the collection are those addressed to Dickens, and their interest comes from what is personal to him. They exhibit such an unreserved exposure of Dickens' domesticity, that we should be surprised at their publication, did they not also exhibit such a degree of favourable criticism on his works from so authoritative a critic as Lord Jeffrey. The friendship between Jeffrey and Dickens seems to have been of great warmth; they were in the habits of familiar intercourse, and their relations were more like those apparently of tender affection than mere friendship. One of Dickens' boys bears the name of Francis Jeffrey. Lord Jeffrey assumes quite a paternal air towards Dickens, and lectures him for his profuse expenditure. He speaks, in a letter to Lord Cockburn, of having dined with Dickens, as his guest, at "rather too sumptuons a dinner for a man only beginning to be rich." In a letter to Dickens himself, he rates him roundly. The letter was written in 1847, and it seems that at that time the public in England had already paid a half a million of dollars for Dickens' works:

DICKENS' RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURE.

"I am rather disappointed, I must own, at finding your *embankment* still so small, -But it is a great thing to have made a beginning, and laid a foundation; and you are young enough to reckon on living many years under the proud roof of the completed structure, which even I expect to see ascending in its splendour. But when I consider that the public has, upon a moderate computation, paid at least £100,000 for your works (and had a good bargain too at the money), it is rather provoking to think that the author should not now have ——— in bank, and have never received, I suspect, above ———. There must have been some mismanagement, I think, as well as ill-luck, to have occasioned this result—not extravagance, on your part, my dear Dickens—nor even excessive beneficence—but improvident arrangements with publishers—and too careless a control of their proceedings. But you are wise now; and, with Foster's kind and judicious help, will soon redeem the effects of your not ungenerous errors. I am as far as possible from grudging you the elegances and indulgencies which are suitable to your tasteful and liberal nature, and which you have so fully earned; and should indeed be grieved not to see you surrounded, and your children growing up, in the midst of the refinements which not only gratify the relishes, but improve the capacities of a cultivated mind. All I venture to press on you is the infinite importance, and unspeakable comfort, of an achieved and secure *independence*; taking away all anxiety about decay of health or mental alacrity, or even that impatience of taskwork which is apt to steal upon free spirits who would work harder and better if redeemed from the yoke of necessity. But this is twaddle enough, and must be charitably set down to the score of my paternal anxiety and senile caution.

"How funny that *besoin* of yours for midnight rambling in city streets, and how curious that Macaulay should have the same taste or fancy!"

The letters addressed to Dickens are mostly criticisms on his works, of a highly eulogistic order. Lord Jeffrey seems in his old age to have taken wonderfully to the pathetic; he has hardly a wrinkle to give to Dickens' humour, but abundant tears for his pathos and sentiment. In fact, the veteran critic grows quite maudlin. Jeffrey in his old age in penitential tears for the critical sins of his youth! Dickens may well congratulate himself on his power of pathos in having made water flow from that rock, for having squeezed a tear from the stony Edinburgh Reviewer. "I could not," says Jeffrey, "reserve my tears for your third part. From the meeting of Will on the streets, they flowed and ebbed at your bidding." Lord Jeffrey, in preferring Dickens' pathos to his humour, will have all, not in petticoats, to differ from him. We give some of Jeffrey's criticisms. He says of the

AMERICAN NOTES.

"My dear Dickens—A thousand thanks to you for your charming book! and for all the pleasure, profit and *relief* it has afforded me. You *have* been very tender to our sensitive friends beyond sea, and really said nothing which should give any serious offence to any moderately rational patriot among them. The *Slavers*, of course, will give you no quarter, and I suppose you did not expect they should. But I do not think you could have said less, and my whole heart goes along with every word you have written. Some people will be angry too, that you have been so strict to observe their *spitting*, and neglect of ablutions, &c. And more, that you should have spoken with so little reverence of their courts of law and State legislature, and even of their grand Congress itself. But all this latter part is done in such a spirit of good-humoured playfulness, and so mixed up with clear intimations that you have quite as little veneration for things of the same sort *at home*, that it will not be easy to represent it as the fruit of *English* insolence and envy.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

"Blessings on your kind heart, my dear Dickens! and may it always be as light and full as it is kind, and a fountain of kindness to all within reach of its beatings! We are all charmed with your Carol; chiefly, I think, for the genuine *goodness* which breathes all through it, and is the true inspiring angel by which its genius has been awakened. The whole scene of the Cratchetts is like the dream of a beneficent angel in spite of its broad reality; and little *Tiny Tim*, in life and death almost as sweet and as touching as Nelly. And then the school-day scene, with that large-hearted, delicate sister, and her true inheritor, with his gall-lacking liver, and milk of human kindness for blood, and yet all so natural, and so humbly and serenely happy! Well, you should be happy yourself, for you may be sure you have done more good, and not only fastened more kindly feelings, but prompted more positive acts of beneficence, by this little publication, than can be traced to all the pulpits and confessionals in Christendom, since Christmas, 1842.

"And is not this better than caricaturing American knaveries, or lavishing your great gifts of fancy and observation on Pecksniffs, Dodgers, Bailleys, and Moulds? Nor is this a mere crotchet of mine, for nine tenths of your readers, I am convinced, are of the same opinion; and, accordingly, I prophesy that you will sell three times as many of this moral and pathetic Carol as of your grotesque and fantastical Chuzzlewits."

DOMBEY.

"Oh, my dear, dear Dickens! what a No. 5 you have now given us! I have so cried and sobbed over it last night, and again this morning; and felt my heart purified by those tears, and blessed and loved you for making me shed them; and I never can bless and love you enough. Since that divine Nelly was found dead on her humble couch, beneath the snow and the ivy, there has been nothing like the actual dying of that sweet Paul, in the summer sunshine of that lofty room. And the long vista that leads us so gently and sadly, and yet so gracefully and winningly, to that plain consummation! Every trait so true and so touching—and yet lightened by that fearless innocence which goes *playfully* to the brink of the grave, and that pure affection which bears the unstained spirit, on its soft and lambent flash, at once to its source in eternity. In reading of these delightful children, how deeply do we feel that 'of such is the kingdom of Heaven;' and how ashamed of the contaminations which our manhood has received from the contact of the earth, and wonder how *you* should have been admitted into that pure communion, and so 'presumed, an earthly guest, and drawn Empyreal air,' though for our benefit and instruction."

To Dickens' tendency to exaggeration we have here a gentle rebuke:

CARKER.

"Perhaps I hate Carker even more already; so much, indeed, that it would be a relief to me if you could do without him. And I must tell you, too, that I think him the least natural of all the characters you have ever exhibited (for I do not consider Quilp, or Dick Swiveller, as at all out of nature); but it seems to me that a Knight Templar in the disguise of a waiter, is not a more extravagant fiction, than a man of high gifts and rare accomplishments, bred and working hard every day as a subordinate manager or head clerk in a merchant's counting-house. One might pass his extreme wickedness and malignity, though they, too, are quite above his position; but the genius and attainments, the manners and scope of thought, do strike me as not reconcileable with anything one has yet heard of his history, or seen of his occupations. But I must submit, I see, to take a great interest in him, and only hope you will not end by making me love him too."

Here is as bold a laudation as was ever thrown in the face of an author. Dickens must have blushed in secret, and his full eye must have blinked at this glaring flattery:

DICKENS, SCOTT, AND BYRON.

"You have the force and the nature of Scott in his pathetic parts, without his occasional coarseness and wordiness, and the searching disclosure of inward agonies of Byron, without a trait of his wickedness."

We close with this last letter to Dickens. The world does not agree with Jeffrey's discontent with the Micawbers, but would second his hint about the expanding tendencies of the *parvenus* and *nouveaux riches*:

COPPERFIELD, ETC.

"Bless you, my dear Dickens, and happy new years for centuries to you and yours! A thousand thanks for your kind letter of December, and your sweet, soothing Copperfield of the new year. It is not a hinging or marking chapter in the story of the life, but it is full of good matter, and we are all the better for it. The scene with Agnes is the most impressive, though there is much promise in Traddles. Uriah is too disgusting; and I confess I should have been contented to have heard no more of the Micawbers. But there is no saying what *you* may make of them, &c.

"It cheers and delights me, too, to have such pleasing accounts of the well being and promise of your children; and it is a new motive for my trying to live a little longer, that I may hear of the first honours attained by my name-boy. God bless him, and all of you!

"We are all tolerably well here, I thank you; Mrs. Jeffrey, I am happy to say, has been really *quite well* for many months, and, in fact, by much the most robust of the two. My fairy grandchild, too, is bright and radiant through all the glooms of winter and age, and fills the house with sunshine and music. I am old and vulnerable, but still able for my work, and not a bit morose or querulous; 'and by the mass the heart is in the trim.' I love all that is loveable, or can respond to love as intensely as in youth, and hope to die before that capacity forsakes me.

"It is like looking forward to spring to think of seeing your beaming eye again! Come, then, to see us when you can, and bring that true-hearted Kate with you, but not as you did the last time, to frighten us, and imperil her. Let that job be well over first, and consider whether it had not better be the last? There can never be too many Dickenses in the world; but these *overbearings* exhaust the parent tree, and those who cannot hope to repose in the shade of the saplings, must shrink from the risk of its decay.

"I daresay you do right to send one boy to Eton; but what is most surely learned there is the habit of wasteful expense, and, in ordinary natures, a shame and contempt for plebian parents. But I have faith in races, and feel that *your* blood will resist such attaints. You do not think it impertinent in me to refer to them? I speak to you as I would to a younger brother. And so God bless you again, and ever, yours."

A LEGEND OF AMEN-CORNER.

ABOUT the time that every prince in Europe was sending a special embassy to London, to congratulate James I. on his book against witchcraft, which none of them ever professed to have read, a strange occurrence happened in an ancient house, situated in the Amen-Corner of Paternoster Row. Like most of the houses of old London, its lower half was brick, and its upper, English oak. It had been built in the time of the first Tudor, but, being still a substantial tenement, was purchased some ten years before the period of this narrative, by two brothers named Christopher and Hubert, who carried on their business there. They were of English blood, but had been born in Germany, their grandfather having fled thither in Queen Mary's day under strong suspicion of owning a Coverdale Bible; and in the good city of Augsburg, his sons and grandsons had been brought up to his own craft, then known as the singular art and mystery of printing. A separate and a thinly-scattered guild was that of the printer in those days. Their craft had nothing in common with the world's older arts, excepting those of the scribe and the scholar. The entire book-trade, now divided into so many branches, was in their hands—binder, engraver, printer and publisher, being generally the same person; and this, together with the laborious precision required in working the primitive press, made them, throughout Christendom, a sort of caste who acquired their trade by inheritance, and kept it as such. Two generations of their family had transmitted the types to Christopher and Hubert; but not to them alone. There had been an elder brother, Gottleib, who printed with them at Augsburg. Their mother had died early: the plague summoned their father when they were little more than boys, and the man grieved sore to leave his sons so young, and an edition of the Latin Fathers, which he had calculated on finishing in five years with great praise and profit, just begun; but Gottleib promised him that he would finish the work in his name, and take care of his young brothers till they were old enough to be expert and prudent printers; so the old man did in peace.

Gottleib was the glory of his craft, and the praise of all Augsburg. Throughout Germany there was not a more skilful printer, nor in the city a more wise and virtuous youth. Old men asked his help in their difficulties, the young chose him as umpire in their disputes. He was charitable to the poor, a peacemaker among his neighbours, and a faithful and kindly guardian to his young brothers. Carefully he instructed them in all the mysteries of their art, though it lengthened his own labour by many a toilsome hour. Patiently he bore with the waywardness and inexperience of their youth. At hearth, and board, and labour, Gottleib was their blithe companion; in hard work, their help; in times of trouble, their comforter; and when disputes came between them, he was the ready arbitrator, on whose justice both could rely. At the church, they sat one on either side of him; on festival and holiday, they walked out with each an arm of Gottleib, and the burgomaster's son was not more confident in his father. Thus they lived and laboured cheerfully together, in the old house their father left them, for five years. The complete edition of the Latin Fathers went forward, and the boys grew to man's estate, till Gottleib was no longer the tallest of the three. Neighbours remarked, too, that he looked no longer the strongest. His once ruddy cheek at times grew pale and wan; still, there was no complaint of sickness in the house, and the edition was completed. All men praised, and some printers envied the work, though it was finished in the name of their dead father.

One evening, Gottleib rejoiced over it greatly, saying his promise was fulfilled, and Christopher and Hubert were now as good printers as himself: he bade them a kindly and glad good-night, and the young brothers talked long together, for Gottleib slept alone; but in the morning he did not come as usual to call them; and when they went to wake him, their brother was kneeling at his bedside, with his hands clasped as if in prayer—an earlier summons had reached him, and the great soul was gone!

Honour and profit followed the work they had printed with him. Their craft grew proud of them, and friends began to say they might be burgomasters in time; but the light of their days had gone down with Gottleib. The old house had grown so dreary without him, that they could not live in it. Every street and corner of the city brought their loss to mind; and hearing that there was peace and room for printers in their father's country, the young men sold their German dwelling to a wealthy burgher, collected their money, chattels, and types, and came with them to London. Paternoster Row was even in those days the resort of traders in books; and happening to see the antiquated house in Amen-Corner, the strangers thought it had a pleasant likeness to their old home; so they purchased it at the expense of nearly all they possessed, except their printing-press, with which they established themselves there, determined never to part, but live together in the country of their fathers.

Hard by there lived a widow of German parentage, whose husband had been a printer; but he and his seven children were all dead. Gunhilde, for such was her name, was old, poor, and lonely, and she became their housekeeper. Years of resolute toil and prudent frugality passed over the brothers, till they were no longer strangers in old London, nor inconsiderable among the inhabitants of the Row. Their press had done its part in the work of the times. They had printed the 'Book of Sports' and the 'Westminster Confession;' broadside ballads concerning Robin Hood and Maid Marian; and heavy folios on Free-will and Predestination. Christopher and Hubert had increased in substance also to a degree never dreamed of in their German home. The dealers in books began to talk of them as somewhat notable men; but cares and causes of division had come with property and importance. In some respects, the brothers were of the same temper: both were earnest, brave, and high-spirited—strong to will, and steady to work. They had been faithful friends and loving brethren through many a change and trial; but there was a grievous fault in both. Each was given to exact from the other's friendship, though in a different fashion; for Christopher expected too much of inward affection, and Hubert had too much respect to outward observances. Alike, on the ground of resemblance and of difference, sprang up the roots of bitterness which troubled their days. At first, their strangership, their strivings to live and thrive in the English land, and, above all, the memory and loving counsels of their lost Gottleib, had bound them heart and hand together; but as the years of manhood hardened heart and mind, as increasing gains brought leisure and anxious looks on life, differences of opinion, of tastes, and of inclinations, gradually crept in between them, and their elder brother waned away from their remembrance, far off among the scenes and familiars of youth.

Time brought further occasion of discord: the house of an English bookseller at the foot of the Row had grown more attractive than his own to Hubert, because of a certain Mistress Margaret who lived there with her father. The bookseller was old, narrow-minded, and stiff for presbytery; he approved of no people but Englishmen, and had a special prejudice against German Lutherans. His daughter believed firmly in his wisdom, and had been from infancy the old man's darling. She was fair, good, and clever; but the girl had a wayward pride, and a wit that was too ready for her judgment. Nevertheless, Hubert had found favour in her eyes as well as in those of her father, perhaps because he endeavoured earnestly to win it; while Christopher was composing tender verses, addressed to a young and very pious Catholic widow in the neighbourhood, who held fast her then persecuted faith.

The bookseller hesitated on giving his daughter to a Lutheran, and the widow remained undecided; but under their influence, Christopher and Hubert learned to contemn each other's choice, and dispute over creeds which neither acknowledged. Thus the controversies of the age, with all their bigotry and uncharitableness, found entrance to their home. Christopher lost no opportunity of throwing scorn on the Puritans, on account of the bookseller; and Hubert never spared to testify against Popish errors, by way of reflection on the widow. The loving brotherhood, which had been to them a rampart against the world's sins and follies, was broken down, and all manner of petty jealousies, vanities, and mistakes, flowed in to swell the flood of strife. There had been fierce debates and bitter words between them, wrath that overcame the friendship of years, hard misjudging of each other's motives, and mighty magnifying of small offences. One evening they sat in sullen pride and anger by the fire. It was the same hearth at which for ten years they had met when the work of the day was done. Their early difficulties in the great, strange city had been debated there. The gains of their prosperous days had been reckoned, their risks and speculations discussed, but now their seats were pushed to the most distant corners, and between them stood a table covered with papers and account-books; for they had at last determined to divide their possessions to the uttermost farthing, and part company for ever. With merchant-like exactness, every tittle was reckoned up and shared. The old house was to be sold to a Jew for a sum already agreed on, and one item only remained which they could not divide, an heirloom's value being fixed upon it. That was the Coverdale Bible with which their grandfather had fled to Germany.

Neither would consent to take the book, or receive anything in its stead, for a savage pride was in their hearts; and there lay the large worn folio with its brazen clasps, between them. The day's work had been hard, for though comparatively rich, Christopher and Hubert were laborious men from habit, and the elder at length leaned his head on the table to rest a moment, and think what could be done. Hubert also leaned his brow on his hand, and it might be the sight of that old volume, in spite of themselves, brought far away memories crowding back on both. They thought of the German city where they had been born; of their long-dead father; and, last of all, of Gottleib. They knew the grass was long upon his German grave; but suddenly, as wild and vague regrets for all that had come and gone began to rise upon them, the door of their room was opened, and there entered a stranger of most noble presence and aspect, who, without a word, drew back the table and seated himself between them.

The brothers were astonished; but when he said in thier own German tongue: 'Friends, why do you muse so silently?' his voice sounded in their ears like the church-bells of Augsburg.

'We have cause for silence and musing, friend,' said Christopher.

'And what is your business with us?' demanded the fiery Hubert.

'I have come,' said the stranger, 'to shew you a rare and curious sight which lies in your very neighbourhood, though you never saw it, not having yet reached the ground from which it is rightly seen.'

'We have no time for sights at this late hour,' cried Hubert.

'Our accounts and goods occupy us now, but we will go to-morrow,' said Christopher.

'Nay, friends,' said the stranger, taking a hand of each, 'it were well that you should see it soon. All who earnestly look upon that sight, are somewhat instructed to their private benefit; and it may be that you also will learn something touching the use of these,' he added, pointing to the open account-books and the clasped Bible.

Christopher and Hubert felt persuaded to accompany him; he led them, it seemed but a few steps from their own door, through a dark and narrow lane, in which the busy men had never been; but there streets and houses abruptly terminated, and they stood by the side of a broad and thronged highway. A road like that the brothers had never seen in all their journeys. It ran due east and west, from the rising to the setting sun; but far to the eastward, a mist, like the smoke of congregated houses, shut out the view; and on the west, a fog more dense than that of autumn or mid-winter closed the prospect. The space between was thronged with travellers, who emerged from the eastern mist, and were manifestly going to the other.

A light shone on them, but it was gray and uncertain, like that of twilight. Sometimes the sun, sometimes the stars shone through, and strange clouds and meteors passed across the sky.

'What way is this,' thought the brothers, 'which lies so near our own dwelling, and yet has neither night nor day?' But as their eyes grew accustomed to the light, they perceived that the travellers on that road were of all ages—man, woman, and child. Yet each journeyed in a track cut for himself in the soil, from which it appeared none could stray. Some of these tracks were wide, and others narrow; some had numerous windings, and some were but slightly curved; many were rough and stony, others of the bare earth, with brambles growing thick at their edges; and some were half covered with grass and wild-flowers. Christopher and Hubert, however, observed that none of them were perfectly smooth or straight; that dust and rubbish were plentiful in them all; and that every track on that highway crossed some other. The travellers, too, differed wonderfully in their manner of journeying. Some moved like mourners at a funeral; some like runners to a goal. There were those who went steadily forward, with the pace of soldiers on a march; others, who seemed in great fear, looking perpetually behind or before them; and very few who walked at their ease.

As the brothers marvelled at this diversity, they discovered that there was none of all the travellers without a burden, and in that matter there appeared no less variety. Bundles of every shape and size were on their shoulders: some looked huge, and were tied up in sackcloth; others were covered with rich cloth, and bound with silken cords. Some bore theirs concealed under long mantles; but Christopher thought it was mostly weights of iron or lead they carried. Further particulars astonished the brothers still more. The greater part appeared to have a strange propensity for increasing the difficulties of their way, by walking in whatever manner was least practicable. Many augmented the burdens, under which they already staggered, with dust and rubbish, which they collected from all sides; and, far more were endeavouring to pile up the scattered stones and thorns on their equally burdened neighbours. All this time, the air was filled with a clamour of complaints, generally referring to their tracks and burdens; and Christopher and Hubert remarked with amazement, that it was by no means those who had the roughest track, or the heaviest bale to carry, that travelled most laboriously, or seemed least content with the journey.

No traveller, indeed, appeared satisfied, and whenever their tracks crossed, the unruly creatures were sure to jostle each other; but let the accident happen as it would, every man laid the blame loudly on his neighbour. They had also innumerable disputes concerning the clouds and meteors of the sky; regarding the dust under their feet; and more especially touching some glimpses of an azure heaven, which they caught at times through the western mist. On that subject, the fierceness of their debates was marvellous, and the clamour occasionally became deafening: but the brothers observed that the noisiest traveller generally came quietly out of the one mist, and disappeared with as little tumult in the other.

'What think ye of these people?' said the stranger, when Christopher and Hubert had gazed and wondered long.

'They are mad!' said Christopher, 'to give and take such trouble for no end.'

'What grievous disturbance they make about so short a journey!' cried Hubert. 'Good stranger, tell us of what Bedlam are they?'

'They belong to all the madhouses of the world,' said the stranger.

But why are they here? where are they going? and what lies beyond these mists?' cried the brothers in a breath.

'Dear brothers, who were so true and loving of old,' said the stranger, 'concerning this matter, believe that you will learn hereafter; for the present, know that this which ye have seen is the great and busy road of life; but strive to become more wise and prudent travellers, and see that ye fall not out by the way.'

As he ceased, a gleam of sunshine broke through the twilight, and fell full upon him. In its brightness, the noble aspect did not alter, but grew more familiar to their eyes; and Christopher and Hubert knew at the same moment that he was none other than their brother Gottleib. Both sprang to embrace him, but the way, the travellers, and Gottleib, vanished from them. They looked into each other's faces by the early sunlight which streamed through the closed shutters of their room, and gleamed on the brazen clasps of the Coverdale Bible, still lying between them on the table where they had fallen asleep.

Such is the account of the affair given by themselves; although more, it is believed, to suit the taste and belief of the time they lived in than their own. The two brothers had passed many hours silent and in the dark; and it is not unreasonable to suppose that the visionary world, into which they had unconsciously slipped, presented to both such phenomena—founded on the meditations and recollections in which both had been immersed—as were easily rendered in exoteric types of romance. The brothers talked long over the vision, and could scarcely satisfy even themselves that it was